The Outlook

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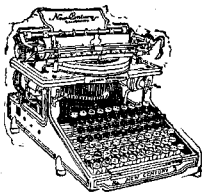

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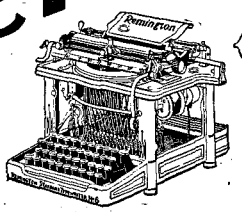

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The Outlook

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The Anthracite Coal Strike

The strike in the anthracite coal fields gained further strength last week, and by Saturday fully nine-tenths of the miners were idle. At the beginning of the week President Mitchell, of the United Mine-Workers, strengthened his position before the public by offering to ignore the question of the recognition of his union if the operators would agree to arbitration between themselves and conventions held at one time and place representing each the mine-workers of one operator. The political bearings of the strike began to cause discussion, and there were rumors of conferences between the managers of the Republican National campaign and the financiers in control of the anthracite coal roads. Before the close of last week it was admitted by railroad officials that important concessions were likely to be made to the miners, and at the beginning of this week several companies posted at all their collieries the definite announcement of a ten per cent. advance in wages, to take effect immediately. The President of the United Mine-Workers has announced that he is unauthorized to accept any terms except those demanded by the miners at their Hazleton convention, and that no new terms should be accepted anywhere without the approval of a new convention. And at the mines of G. B. Markle & Co. the men refused to return to work pending the adjustment of local grievances by arbitration, as their contract provided. Nevertheless, there is widespread confidence that a settlement throughout the entire district will not be long delayed. As regards disorder, the history of this strike has thus far been measurably satisfactory. There have been a few instances of gross terrorism on the part of strikers and one instance of reckless shooting on the part of deputies, but in general there has been quiet and good order, and the authorities expect soon to send home some of the State troops which were prudently despatched to the coal regions a fortnight ago.

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Political Notes

Senator Caffery's letter declining to be the Presidential nominee of the National party has led the managers of that movement to withdraw its ticket and ask its supporters to agree upon one elector in each State whose name they should substitute for the first elector on the party ticket they finally prefer to vote. In this way they hope that those who oppose Mr. McKinley's Philippine policy and Mr. Bryan's silver policy will try to record at the polls their exact attitude. They could, of course, have made a greater show of strength had they urged their supporters to adopt the maxim "Of two evils choose neither," and remain away from the polls. The managers of the movement, however, were men too much in earnest to be content with a negative expression of their views, and too sincere to intimate that the stay-at-home vote expected this year will be largely made up of their supporters. In one of the Massachusetts districts they have nominated Mr. Moorfield Storey for Congress, and they hope to secure the nomination of other Congressmen who oppose the retention of the Philippines but favor the gold standard.—— Mr. Stevenson's letter accepting the nomination of the Populists eulogized Mr. Towne for his withdrawal in the interests of unity, noted briefly the essential harmony between the Democrats and the Populists in regard to taxation and finance, and discussed at length the

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demand of all the fusion parties that the war in the Philippines be stopped by pledging to their people the same treatment that we have pledged to the Cubans.—— Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in the current issue of the "North American Review," announces his purpose to vote for Mr. McKinley in spite of his own anti-imperialism, and ex-Secretary Carlisle has made the same announcement. Ex-Attorney-General Harmon, of Ohio, has announced his intention to vote for Mr. Bryan; and Mr. Schurz, as was anticipated, definitely committed himself to the same course in his address at the Anti-Imperialist mass-meeting at the Cooper Union in this city last week.——While the leading Gold Democrats have thus been declaring themselves for Mr. McKinley or Mr. Bryan, their candidate in 1896, General John M. Palmer, has passed away, dying of heart disease in Springfield, Ill., last week, at the age of eighty-three.

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Kentucky Matters The Democratic factions in the Kentucky Legislature have agreed upon a new election law which gives to each party a representative on each election board, but makes the Attorney-General the umpire for the State board, and the county sheriffs the umpires for the county boards. The duties of these boards are merely ministerial. This measure is apparently an improvement upon the present Goebel law, and the Republicans in the Legislature will not try to obstruct its passage, though none of them is likely to cast his vote in its favor. The trial of James Howard, who was charged with firing the shot which killed ex-Senator Goebel, has resulted in a verdict of guilty. The jury was similar in its composition to that which tried ex-Secretary of State Powers on the charge of conspiracy. It contained nine regular Democrats, two anti-Goebel Democrats, and one Republican. This jury agreed at once as to the guilt of Howard, and, after some discussion, rendered a unanimous verdict that the death penalty should be imposed. A new trial has been asked for on the ground that some of the jurymen were prejudiced against the accused, but the verdict of this second jury has strengthened public faith in the fairness of its predecessor.

Direct Primaries in Minneapolis The most interesting and gratifying feature about the first trial of the new direct primary law in Minneapolis last week was the very large vote it brought out. The law applies to all offices within Hennepin County, in which Minneapolis is situated, and the election is held on the first day for registration. On Tuesday, September 18, some thirty-seven thousand voters registered and voted directly for candidates for nomination on the Republican and Democratic tickets. This poll was larger than the total vote cast at the State and city election two years ago, and is considerably more than half the total voting strength of the county. With so large a participation in the primary, it may be safely predicted that the law has come to stay. Now that they have had an opportunity to exercise their power, the voters of Minneapolis will never consent to any material abridgment of this right. Rather, the law is likely to be extended to other counties in the State in response to popular demand. In Minneapolis there is general satisfaction with the law among the men who do the voting. As a rule, no one is dissatisfied with its main features save the "practical politicians" and the defeated candidates who may think they would have had better luck under the old plan. Those who criticise the law adversely attack a single feature rather than its basic principle. After registering, each voter receives a bunch of ballots containing the tickets of all the parties participating in the election. This he takes into a booth, where he marks one of the ballots and folds it up with the rest to be deposited in the ballot-box. While this provision, in its lack of restraint and its complete secrecy, secured an unexpectedly large vote, the conditions were such that a great many Democrats, who had no close contests of their own, voted the Republican ticket, with the result that a former Democrat, lately turned Republican, who could not by any possibility have secured the Republican nomination in a convention, led the Republican candidates for Mayor by over two thousand, and is the regular party nominee. While it is true that this candidate secured a large number of Republican votes, he would not have been nominated had no Democrats voted for

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him; and thinking men of both parties agree that each organization should be allowed to select its candidates without interference. It is difficult to determine how to prevent such a miscarriage, but several ways have been already suggested, which will still preserve the voter's right to cast his ballot when he registers, though they lessen the secrecy of his ballot by requiring some statement as to his party affiliations. That Minneapolis will, in the long run, get a better class of candidates from the direct primaries is demonstrated beyond all doubt. Already three discredited aldermanic candidates, expert politicians who would probably have secured nominations and elections under the former methods, have been summarily defeated. When he is unable to appeal to regularity and party loyalty, an aspirant for nomination with a bad record, who has to stand the scrutiny of a personal campaign for eight or ten weeks, has no easy task to defeat a clean man at direct primaries. And as the people become accustomed to the workings of the law, this fact will be very generally recognized. If, on the other hand, undesirable men get into office, the rank and file of the dominant party must bear the blame, for they can get just the kind of men they desire. No large city need now have any hesitancy about adopting the direct primary plan. The people of Minneapolis have shown that the voters will go to the primaries when they know that they can accomplish something by so doing.

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China: The Political Situation

The reports that Prince Tuan has been deprived of his office and salary and, with other high officials, marked out for trial, are confirmed by a special despatch from our Consul at Canton. This indicates that the brief madness of the Boxers is over, and either that the Emperor has again become a real power in China or else that the Empress Dowager has been frightened into abandoning the anti-foreign crusade which it is certain received support, if not inspiration and initiation, from her. This action doubtless will have the effect of strengthening the policy of America, which has been to treat with the Chinese Government *de facto*, and to demand of that Government that it punish the guilty leaders of the Boxer mobs. The German proposal that the Boxer leaders be surrendered before peace negotiations should be entered upon was, in the very nature of things, an unsettling of hitherto accepted ideas of international law. Her new action is believed to be of a milder nature, and it is hoped that all the Powers may be brought to accept the programme, but the exact terms of the proposal have not yet been made public. The comment of the German press, however, and even of the English press, on the refusal of the United States Government to lend itself to the first proposal has been acrid in its tone. They claim that the American Government has put itself in the position of the beneficiary of the Powers, and yet declines to co-operate with those Powers; it shares the result of their efforts, and yet declines to pay its share of the expense in money or in men. That this view is unjust is self-evident. Our Government has accepted the general principle that the guilty must be punished, though it must needs reject the ways and means proposed by Germany. The outlook for co-operation between the Powers is, however, brighter than it was a week ago. As to China itself, all the Foreign Ministers at Peking have addressed informal notes to Prince Ching suggesting the return of the Emperor and his court, and the Prince has undertaken to deliver the notes. Mr. Conger reports that Yung-Lu and the Viceroys of Nanking and Wuchang will be joined to Prince Ching and Earl Li as peace commissioners for China. All except Yung-Lu are moderate, acceptable men.

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China: The Missionaries

Last week it was learned that anti-Christian disturbances had been renewed in China, especially in the south, the provinces of Kuangsi and Kuangtung being greatly disturbed. Both the Catholic and Protestant missions at Sheklung have been destroyed. The American Bible Society publishes information from the Rev. Dr. Hykes, its agent in China, which gives a hitherto hidden picture of danger, not only in the south, but also in the valley of the Yangtse. Dr. Hykes says that the attitude of the Viceroys, supposed to be friendly to

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foreigners, is really doubtful; that even Chang-Chi-Tung issued a proclamation apparently intended to incite the people to massacre native Christians, or at least to make them recant. In many places in the Yangtse valley chapels are being destroyed and native Christians robbed, and apparently no attempt is made to stop the outrages. The missionaries who arrived last week from far interior places report terrible experiences. The Congregationalists crossed the desert of Gobi from Kalgan, and were over a month before reaching Russian territory. They nearly perished from hunger. The additional news reported of the tragedy at Paoting is of a nature to make one hope that the entire horrible story may never be known. Letters concerning the siege of Peking and other places have now arrived, and particular interest attaches to those from Mrs. Conger, the wife of our Minister, and from Dr. Martin, President of the Imperial University. From these it is plain that the Chinese Government adopted the policy of the Boxers and the Boxers themselves, thus setting itself against the whole world. The complicity of the Chinese Government has been fully proven in the discoveries made at the Viceroy's office at Tientsin, where receipts were found for money paid for the heads of foreigners, and receipts for rice, arms, and ammunition supplied to the Boxers.

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In the Philippines The most important war news of the week was that sent by General MacArthur stating that fifty-one men of Company F, Twenty-ninth Regiment, had been captured by the enemy, together with their leader, Captain Devereux Shields. They had left Santa Cruz in the island of Marinduque by a gunboat for Torrijos, and nothing has since been heard directly from them, but rumors through natives indicate that the entire party were captured, killed, or wounded; Captain Shields was among the wounded. This is undoubtedly the severest blow inflicted on our army this season. Marinduque is an island on the south coast of Luzon, only twenty-four miles in diameter. It is garrisoned by two small detachments of United States troops, and evidently in this case the policy of spreading out our forces thinly in order to hold much territory has been carried too far. Official reports have reached this country of the conviction by court martial of two American officers for torturing Filipino prisoners at Mariguina. They were reprimanded merely. General MacArthur comments as follows:

> It is obvious that a cruel and illegal assault was perpetrated by these accused officers upon certain native prisoners—an assault not only criminal in its effect under the laws of war, but in remote consequences well calculated to inflict permanent injury upon essential interests of the Nation. . . . It is believed that the sentence of the court will be sufficiently executed by reminding Captain Brandle and Lieutenant Perkins that, by reckless defiance of the ethics of their profession, they have inflicted incalculable injury upon the interests of their country, and have also cast unwarranted aspersion upon the reputation of the United States Army for sentiments of honor and humanity.

We confess that this sentence appears to us unwarrantably light. We hesitate to criticise without fuller knowledge, but it appears to us that a "cruel and illegal assault" upon native prisoners inflicts a more serious blow upon the American cause than any act of cowardice, and on this ground, no less than upon the more sacred ground of humanity, deserves far more serious penalty than a mere reprimand.

❀

Lord Roberts The appointment of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief of the British army is not only a clever piece of politics, but will commend itself to his admirers the world over as a notably well-earned honor. Lord Roberts entered the army nearly half a century ago, and has risen step by step through every military distinction to the top. His appointment came to him as a birthday gift from the Government. He is just sixty-eight years old. It is hardly necessary to outline the brilliant career of the author of "Forty-one Years in India," while his record in South Africa is current history. He has been an active supporter of the present Conservative Government, and during the past year has perhaps done more to strengthen it than any other man. The Conservative leaders, while grateful for such aid, have resolved to use the name of the Field-Marshal to the uttermost. Despite their expected

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large majority in the October elections, they have recognized that something might well be done to make their side of the campaign resistless, and especially to meet the demand for reform in the War Office. The result will doubtless redound not only to the credit of the party in power, but also to the welfare of the British army. With the hero of India and South Africa as Commander-in-Chief, the matter of appointing a new Secretary of War to supplant the present incumbent loses much of its importance, since every one who knows Lord Roberts will have confidence that needed reforms in the army will be vigorously prosecuted under his administration.

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The Austrian Reichsrath The gravity of the political situation in Austria still persists. A year ago Count Clary, then Austrian Prime Minister, made a special appeal to the Reichsrath (the Austrian Parliament) to co-operate in establishing normal parliamentary conditions, especially as the Government was neutral as between the different parties. This appeal, like the appeals of other Premiers, was disregarded, and the year's session was more turbulent than ever. No sovereign in Europe could have shown greater patience with the well-nigh unmanageably conflicting races which form the Austro-Hungarian Empire than has Francis Joseph II., but even his forbearance has its just limits, and the Reichsrath has now been dissolved by an Imperial rescript. A succinct commentary on its existence of nearly four years is that it passed one solitary bill. Elections for the new Reichsrath will not take place until next January—a contrast to the custom in England, where the Queen's decree of Dissolution was published only two weeks before elections to a new Parliament would begin. Dr. von Körber, the present Prime Minister of Austria, has already issued the governmental election manifesto, and, as in the case of Count Clary's appeal, emphasizes the main cause of all the trouble, the quarrel over the official language decrees in provinces where two languages are spoken. Decrees such as those establishing the official language in Czech-German Bohemia are merely provisional. The Premier therefore appeals to all Austrian electors to protect their economic interests by seeking members to the Reichsrath who will not deprive constitutional institutions of their worth by continually hindering Parliament in doing the work for which it was created. It is disheartening, however, to note the tone of nearly all the Austrian papers on this subject. The same cynicism and hopelessness of any change characterizes them, whether Conservative or Liberal, whether Clerical or Socialist. If the new Parliament should prove as impracticable as the one just dissolved, the Emperor, so it is rumored, has promised to establish a new constitution by decree.

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Indian Famine Notes Now that the Indian famine has been practically ended, though its painful sequels have not, by the advent of the long withheld rains—too copious, indeed, in some parts—an instructive account of things done and not done is being taken. Perhaps the most impressive fact that appears is the contrast between the activity of relief work proceeding from Christian sympathy and the neglect or refusal of succor by Hindus well able to contribute it to their perishing countrymen. As Hinduism has its missionaries laboring to propagate it in this country and elsewhere in Christendom, it is right that the contrasting facts should be stated. America has contributed a million dollars to the sufferers. Germany has also contributed—we know not how much. British charity, though heavily taxed in the South African war, has given $1,700,000. The Government of India has spent $65,000,000 in relief work. The Viceroy and other British officials have given freely. A few of the native princes and rulers have given large sums. On the other hand, the educated, English speaking Hindus have held aloof. The Indian correspondent of the New York "Times," writing in August from Simla, says that the great want in all the suffering districts has been more Europeans for administrative work, it being impracticable to rely on the natives, however highly cultured. These latter, who are conspicuous at conventions in denouncing British tyranny over a poverty-stricken country, "have not contributed one cent," and have made

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themselves conspicuous by absence from the work of charity. Many of them are very wealthy, but appeals to their sympathy have been in vain. As a specimen of the sort of religious interest that did affect them, the "Times" correspondent says that these same wealthy Hindus devoted themselves to saving the lives of sacred fish and alligators from a pond in the district of Ahmedabad near the northwest coast, which showed signs of drying up, and spent thousands of rupees in transporting them some distance to a river. Furthermore, in the scarcity of medical aid due to the calling off of so many men to the African war, qualified natives uniformly refused to risk their lives by attending cholera patients, while the few English physicians in the field were working their hardest, and several missionaries worked themselves into their graves. On one hand, this lack of human sympathy is a logical result of Hinduism, whose speculative theology is so fixed in contemplation of the infinite that human interests shrink in its view to zero. On the other hand, it furnishes those who fortunately live in lands where theology makes account of human worth with the crucial test for a comparison of Hinduism with Christianity—"by their fruits ye shall know them."

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Professor Briggs on Irenics

Union Theological Seminary in this city began its sixty-fifth year with encouraging prospects. The ecclesiastical boycott and its own newly introduced merit system, insisting on a high standard of scholarship, have reduced its numbers in recent years. The entering class this year, however, was a third larger than last year. The opening address was given by Professor Briggs on "The Principles of Christian Irenics," before an audience that filled the chapel. He described Irenics as a new theological discipline, the apex of Christian theology, aiming at the elimination of discordant elements from Christianity. It finds in comparing the creeds both a consensus and a dissensus. As the antipodes of Polemics, which insists upon its own partial view, Irenics refuses at the outset to regard any one statement as final. Its task was described as: (1) To determine, in the light of Scripture, Authority, and Reason, what are the essentials of Christianity. (2) To determine what is Catholic, *i. e.*, what Christianity *as organized* stands for. One may be Christian and not Catholic, or *vice versa*. (3) To determine the Christian consensus, the accord of various types in the Catholic Church. This is not the same as orthodoxy; there are various orthodoxies. The only orthodoxy identical with the Christian consensus is that of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds. (4) To study also the dissensus, for such discovery of obscured truth as tends toward concord. Dr. Briggs here criticised the opponents of theological reformation, and declared that Protestant scholasticism, insisting upon irreformable dogma, was doing what it could to push the Holy Spirit out of the Church. The Protestant creeds of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had been generally cast aside as inadequate, and in a few years would retain no authority. Irenics was, therefore, supremely necessary in this time of transition, caring as it does solely for truth. Among the requisites of Irenics Dr. Briggs named: (1) Courageous devotion to truth. Many dared not face the odium springing from theological partisanship. (2) Sympathy, without which no type of Christianity could be fairly estimated by an outsider. Among American Methodists, British Anglicans, German Lutherans, and Catholics in Rome, he had come into such sympathy with each as to avow himself a laborer for the organic reunion of all. (3) Comprehensiveness, inclusive of the peculiarities of type inevitably arising from differences of temperament and of national or racial characters. Dr. Briggs earnestly maintained that the bane of Protestant theology is its provincialism, and intimated that it needs some correction from the Catholic side. But, said he, the ideals of Irenics will not soon be realized, and so its task finally requires patience, as God himself is patient, and love, which shall preside in the consummation as faith in the beginning. The association of Professor Briggs in the public mind with recent sharp controversies, in which, however, he has been the defendant, lent peculiar interest to his presentation of such a theme as Irenics. But it is matter of history that some great soldiers have been great haters of war.

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The Roman Catholic Young Men's National Union

Last week, in the Park Theater, Borough of Brooklyn, New York City, there took place the Convention of the Roman Catholic Young Men's National Union. The most interesting discussion was that concerning the recent proposition put forth by Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, looking to the federation of all Roman Catholic societies in the United States; and an important address on this subject was made by the Rev. Dr. F. H. Wall, pastor of the Church of the Holy Rosary, New York City, and President of the Union. He declared that Roman Catholics are discriminated against, although they simply demand their rights under the Constitution. He instanced the Indian school question. The United States Government, said Dr. Wall, entered into a solemn covenant with the authorities to the effect that, if the Church established, built, and equipped schools, and furnished teachers, the Government would maintain them; but the agreement was not fulfilled. Other religious denominations which had built schools have relinquished those schools to the State, but Roman Catholics will not do this and still keep on teaching. The appropriation for the schools, he added, which the Government makes yearly, is very small, and is continually decreasing. Dr. Wall then instanced the looting of Roman Catholic churches in the Philippines by the American troops, and claimed that some of the sacred relics from those churches are now exhibited in shop windows in Fulton Street, New York City. He regretted that no Roman Catholic had been appointed a member of the present Philippines Commission, notwithstanding the fact that the Commissioners were sent as emissaries of the United States to a Roman Catholic country. The remedy for alleged grievances, in the speaker's mind, would not seem to be so much the attempt to right them at headquarters as to amalgamate all Roman Catholic societies into one federation. Some of the societies included in the proposed union are, the Roman Catholic Knights, the Knights of Columbus, the Roman Catholic Benevolent Legion, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. This address appears to us to afford a curious illustration of the difficulty which certain Roman Catholics have to understand that separation of Church and State which is fundamental to the Republic. Every other denomination has accepted, and most of them have urged, the dissolution of the partnership between Church and State in Indian teaching. And if it be true that Roman Catholic churches have been looted by American soldiers—a statement which has been denied on Roman Catholic authority—this is a crime against humanity which the whole Nation is equally interested to punish if the offenders can be discovered.

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The Westminster Confession

Three particularly interesting Presbytery meetings have just been held to take action concerning the proposed revision of the Westminster Confession. The first was held by the Presbytery of Buffalo at East Aurora, N. Y. Replying to the questions submitted by the General Assembly concerning the desirability of a substitutional and shorter creed concerning "the things most surely believed among us," the vote was 32 in favor of a change to 19 against it. The second Presbytery meeting to which we refer was that of the Presbytery of Monmouth at Freehold, N. J., the vote standing 38 against revision to 19 favoring it. A third meeting was that of the Presbytery of New Brunswick at Trenton, N. J. Two Princeton professors, the Rev. Drs. Warfield and De Witt, led the opposition to revision, while its advocates were the Rev. Dr. Duffield, of the University, and the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Trenton. Dr. Duffield wanted every elder to go home and read the Westminster Confession, and then say whether he could find in it a single statement of the love of God for the world. Despite this appeal, the question on the resolution to revise was defeated by a vote of 16 to 43. It may be that many of those who voted against revision will one day vote for it, resigning themselves to the opinion of the "Herald and Presbyter"—"If the Confession is ever changed, it will not be in the interest of intellectuality, spirituality, or real piety, but simply out of consideration of the fact that there are so many who are not sufficiently

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disciplined to think up to its level, and so many who are morally unchastened and liable to blaspheme." With this view, they still think the time not ripe for them to condescend and to humble themselves as much as seems almost necessary, in view of the infirmities of their fellows; on the other hand, they would undoubtedly stoutly aver, with the paper above mentioned, that the Presbyterian Church "is not willing that infidels should be denominated as the world's thinkers," and that the Church "will not tolerate the claim of those who are disciplined for propagating a false doctrine, that they suffer because the Church will not permit them to think." At a later date we shall give a summary of the replies of the Presbyteries to the Committee's questions.

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Church Arrayed Against Police

A sensational incident occurred at the annual Convention of the Diocese of New York last week. Charges of heaping indignities on the clergy of the Pro-Cathedral in Stanton Street were made against the captain of the neighboring police station and the inspector of the district. A resolution was unanimously adopted requesting the Bishop of the diocese to investigate these indignities, and, if just cause be found, to take formal protest in the name of the Church to the Mayor of the City of New York. In putting the question to the Convention, Bishop Potter remarked:

> I am profoundly thankful to Dr. Huntington and the rector of the Church of the Intercession for bringing this matter to the notice of the Convention. Some one might think that this resolution was introduced at my request, but that is not so. It was my intention to let the matter rest until the close of the political campaign, fearing that we might be charged with playing politics. We have a double duty, a duty as churchmen and one as citizens. If the awful conditions this metropolis shelters were known to men, there would be such a storm of indignation as would shake the entire social structure.

It is understood that, at the complaint of the clergy concerning those who waylaid young men and women at the very threshold of their homes, the police authorities remarked that if the clergy did not like the existing condition of things they could move out, and that no attempt would be made to change the outrageous state of affairs. The whole matter is apparently only one more proof that the police government of New York City is in active sympathy with the vice which corrupts it. The resolution of the Diocesan Convention outlines the only true course of procedure, the ignoring of the Police Board and a direct appeal to the Mayor of the city.

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Count Tolstoï

Last week, at Lausanne, Switzerland, a circular was published purporting to be a secret document addressed by the Metropolitan of Kiev to the archbishops of the Russian (Greek) Church, virtually depriving Count Tolstoï of the privileges of its communion. The circular declares that the famous novelist and social reformer is an avowed enemy of the Church, and that, unless he recants, the Holy Synod will prohibit the celebration of all divine services and expiatory masses in the event of his death. At various times since the publication of "Anna Karénina," twenty-two years ago, rumors have been rife that the Russian ecclesiastical authorities were about to take action looking toward the excommunication of Count Tolstoï, and these rumors were confirmed by the fact that the circulation of some of the novelist's writings was forbidden by the Russian censors. It is believed that his "Commentary on the Gospel," "My Religion," and "My Confession" were especially obnoxious to the Russian ecclesiastics; nor is this strange, since he is a severe critic of Greek Christianity. More than that, in his latest novel, "Resurrection," he denies some of the fundamental dogmas, not only of the Russian Church, but of Christianity. While he reveres the Founder of Christianity, he repudiates both the ethical and the doctrinal interpretations current in the churches of our time.

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The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

It will be gratifying intelligence to all Christians, but especially to all Congregationalists, to learn that the receipts this year of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have not only paid its entire running expenses, but have also paid the additional amount, twenty

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thousand dollars, made necessary by the extraordinary conditions in China and in India, and have also made a reduction of nearly six thousand dollars on the debt. Moreover, this result is reached without including what has been received and pledged for the Twentieth Century Fund. The increase in receipts this year amounts to nearly a hundred thousand dollars. The annual meeting of the Board will be held in St. Louis October 10–13, and promises to be one of the most interesting and important in its long and impressive history.

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Charles Merle d'Aubigné All Americans interested in the progress of French Protestantism, but especially those who have profited by a notable history of the Reformation, will be gratified by the announcement that the Rev. Charles Merle d'Aubigné, a son of the distinguished historian, is about to arrive in this country, and that his mission of three months will be an advocacy of the evangelization of France. To this mission he brings a thorough acquaintance with that work, and he possesses a prime necessity for his American undertaking in his exceptional understanding of the English language and ability to express himself in it. He believes, as do many, that no Roman Catholic country offers such an open door for the Gospel as does France; French Protestants are unable to respond to all the calls coming from communities which want the simple Protestant faith. The missionary will work while here under the auspices of the Franco-American Committee of Evangelization, the President of which is the Rev. Dr. Burrell; the Committee's office is at No. 22 East Sixteenth Street, New York City. Corresponding to this is the Comité Franco-Américain, with headquarters in Paris, and uniting all the Huguenot churches in France. These committees call attention to the fact that the work of French Protestants, like the regular home missionary work in our own land, takes on a character of permanence, through the establishment of regularly organized churches, the erection of substantial ecclesiastical edifices, and the maintenance of settled resident pastors. The Protestants of America should not fail in helping the French Huguenots to give back to France her heritage of the Gospel of which she was robbed amid the horrors surrounding the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, more than two hundred years ago.

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The National Prison Congress No session of this Association has ever been so marked in certain ways as the one held last week in Cleveland. One of the special characteristics was the amount of time given to plans for scientific study of prisoners. If these plans are carried out, there will be few better places for sociological and psychological investigation than in the great prisons of the country. Another feature was the international character of the meeting. In addition to delegates from Canada and Mexico, the latter of whom made an admirable report on the prisons of his country, one evening was devoted to a report of the International Prison Congress, lately held in Brussels, by the Rev. S. J. Barrows, the member for the United States of the International Prison Commission. More than twelve hundred pages of printed matter, in the shape of reports on penalogical matters, were presented on behalf of the United States at Brussels, instead of the meager thirty pages sent for the last International Prison Congress, five years ago. Among the most valuable papers read in Cleveland was one by Mr. Eugene Smith, of New York, whose computations on the "Cost of Crime" gave some startling figures. Every year shows more clearly that prison wardens are doing more to improve the men under their charge, so that there are fewer recedivists. Much more attention is also paid to the study of preventive measures than the Association used to devote to that subject. There were excellent papers on prison discipline, and good, earnest discussion, in one of which a man who had served several terms in prison unexpectedly took part. A hearty vote was passed regretting the resignation of Z. R. Brockway, of Elmira, and expressing the warmest confidence, respect, and affection. Two other declarations were made by the body—an increasing belief in the absolute necessity of the indeterminate sentence, to be applied to all prisons and reformatories, coupled with an equal need for

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permanent tenure of capable officials, and the desirability of a reformatory for women in every State. It is rather a humiliation, for instance, to Massachusetts, which proudly boasts the finest prison for women in the world, to know that there are as many women in Massachusetts jails and workhouses as there are in her special prison. The original plan was to have *all* women who are prisoners under the care of women. If the foremost State in this particular falls so far short of her own ideals, what must be the condition of imprisoned women in States where little attention is paid to their proper care! There is to be a strong effort to secure a State reformatory for women in Pennsylvania the coming year. The women's prisons of Indiana, Massachusetts, and New York were represented by their superintendents. The chaplains, of whom many were present, not only gave several papers themselves, but heard two at their special meeting which were full of thought —one on "The Chaplain's Work from a Pastor's Point of View," by Dr. F. A. Gould, of Mansfield, and one by Dr. F. H. Wines on "Certain Proposed Drastic Remedies for Crime."

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Rest-Rooms for Farmers' Wives

The rest-rooms for farmers' wives which have been established of late furnish opportunity for mutual helpfulness and companionship between the residents of town and country. The main object of these institutions, which belong essentially to the progressive West, is making people comfortable, but the intellectual and social side of the question is also met. For a few years past social pavilions have been erected at many of the Western State fairs. Chippewa Falls, Wis., and Albert Lea, Minn., were pioneers in this movement, which is gradually reaching other towns which see the usefulness of providing a temporary rest-room. To Rochester, Minn., is accredited the honor of opening the first permanent rest-room in the West, and possibly in the States. A homelike room in the business part of the city is furnished with cozy chairs, lounges, books, and magazines. Here country women are invited to stop when in town on a day's shopping excursion, and every convenience is provided necessary for the welfare of the woman who has ridden many miles to town. The comfort of this room appeals strongly to this class, especially to the mothers with tired children. Other Minnesota towns have undertaken similar work. For instance, Anoka, Minn., is a small town surrounded by a large farming district, and this place has a flourishing rest-room, which was started two years ago. A Woman's Exchange in connection pays the matron's salary, and tea and coffee are served for the nominal price of three cents. Winona, Northfield, and Faribault, all in the State, have undertaken similar work with success. Following closely in this work, Eau Claire, Wis., boasts of a room whose guests average forty-five a day, and York, Neb., Burlington, Kan., and Joplin, Mo., have resting-places provided for their country sisters. The latter place is situated in a mining district, and the miners' wives eagerly avail themselves of the room's privileges. Convinced of these successes, the Town and Country Club of Piqua, O., has opened well-equipped rest-rooms. The Club is under an efficient board of managers, and hopes to broaden its field as in Rochester, where sewing-classes are conducted and interest taken in traveling libraries. Some of these rooms are self-supporting, others are under the management of women's clubs, and in some cases financial aid is given by merchants who contribute with the idea of building up trade. That they foster a spirit of friendliness between town and country women is shown at a recent meeting of the State Federation in one of our Western States, where country members came twenty-five miles to attend the session.

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Rebuilding in Turkey

The Board of Trustees in Boston of Euphrates College, located at Harpoot, Eastern Turkey, has just received a despatch from President C. Frank Gates, from Harpoot, that permission to reconstruct the buildings destroyed by the Turks in the autumn of 1895 has just been passed over by the local government. Some five months ago it was widely announced in the press despatches from Constantinople that the Government, after more than four years' delay, had granted permission to rebuild these buildings. A document purport-

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ing to be a copy of the imperial permission was handed to President Gates giving permission to build a "few teachers' rooms," which was interpreted by the local officials as meaning no more than five. The Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople took the matter up vigorously, and, after four months of earnest diplomatic effort, the original permission has reached the college authorities. It is a very gratifying document, apparently granting all that was asked, with one unimportant exception. This permission to reconstruct the destroyed college buildings is not accompanied by the indemnity money for the ones destroyed. The American trustees who hold the permanent funds of the College have already advanced as a loan, for purposes of building, all the available funds in their possession. This is in no way adequate to reconstruct the college. The indemnity is absolutely essential to the use of the building permission obtained with so much difficulty. The College schools in all their departments, including the primary, have enrolled this year over eleven hundred pupils. To provide for this number of pupils several private buildings have been rented, and the schools conducted under great difficulties and at increased expense and diminished efficiency. When the College was attacked in November, 1895, there were less than six hundred pupils in attendance. The College is not a free school, but a large tuition is demanded and collected. It is the only higher educational institution for above five millions of people of different races.

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Thomas G. Shearman Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, whose death, at the age of sixty-six, took place after a brief illness on Saturday last, was identified with this journal in its early history under Henry Ward Beecher, and, though never directly responsible for either its editorial or its business management, was always vitally interested in its well-being. By profession a lawyer, he was by temperament a reformer, made so, not by a desire to constitute his conscience a law for others, such as makes one type of reformer, and a very disagreeable one, but by an interest in his fellow-men which made him eager to right every wrong he saw, and an unhesitating confidence in the certainty of the remedy which he wished to apply. This made him an anti-slavery man before the war, an advocate of a policy of trust toward the South after the war, later a warm advocate of absolute free trade and direct taxation, an ardent supporter of the Single Tax, of Civil Service Reform, and of Municipal Reform in its various phases. His "Natural Taxation" is a more scientific though a less popular book than Henry George's "Progress and Poverty," and its challenge has, in our judgment, never been successfully met. The same spirit of humanity made him the determined opponent of Calvinism, and, with his faith in the supremacy of love, a Universalist in his theology, though always an active member in the Congregational Church. Known to the world as a successful lawyer and an uncompromising reformer, he was known to his personal acquaintances as a steadfast friend, whose generosity was boundless, but who in his giving always shrank from publicity. He was at the time of his death, and had been for many years, a trustee of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and the Superintendent of its Sunday-school.

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The Basis of Government

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your editorial columns of September 15 you say: "The Outlook does not believe that governments rest upon the consent of the governed." May I ask, in this connection, upon whom, or upon what, you do believe governments justly rest? If the people do not, and should not, control in framing and maintaining the governments designed to rule over them, then it must be that "the divine right of kings," or, what is the same thing, the right of a class, to rule is the true theory of government. Theoretically speaking, there is not a government under the sun, except dependencies, from a despotism to a republic, where the ruler did not get his power primarily from the people. It is true that in many instances the chosen ruler has usurped powers not originally granted, and on the ruins of a once free country founded a despotism. And this is the danger to all free people—is the greatest danger to America to-day.

WILLIAM WHITSON.

Asheville, N. C.

Just government rests neither upon the edict of a few strong men nor upon the consent of the many; it rests upon the law of God. No government is just which does not conform to the law of God. No

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edict of one or few or many or all can serve to make it just if it does not so conform. The will of a majority approving did not make the crucifixion of Jesus Christ, or the execution of Socrates, or the establishment of the Inquisition in Spain, or the maintenance of slavery in the United States, just. The fact that the people of Santiago consented to unsanitary conditions, under which thousands of men, women, and children died before their time, did not make the existence of those conditions just. They had an inalienable right to live, that is, a right which they could not alienate, and no acquiescence on their part in conditions which caused their needless death made the government just which suffered those conditions to continue.

There are certain great natural laws—as of light, heat, electricity. Man does not make them and cannot unmake them. All material civilization is based upon his understanding them, conforming his life to them, making use of them. So there are certain great moral laws of the social organism. They are inherent in the divine nature; and in man's nature because man is of kin to God. They are absolute, eternal, indestructible. Man can neither make them, nor unmake them, nor modify them. They rest neither upon the edict of one nor on the consent of many. They are equally divine and authoritative whether men consent to them or dissent from them. All moral civilization is based upon man's understanding these laws and shaping his life in conformity with them. If the community understands these laws and conforms its life to them, it will be prosperous; if it does not, it will be unprosperous. In the former case the government will be just because it will be in accordance with these divine laws; in the latter case it will be unjust because it does not conform to these laws.

Human governments are, or ought to be, attempts to ascertain what these laws are and to adapt the life of the community to them. They are generally more or less awkward and blundering attempts. Sometimes, perhaps we should say often, no such attempt is made; the governing power, whether monarchical, oligarchic, aristocratic, or democratic, imagines that it can make laws. Disaster always has and always will follow such attempts. And the disaster will not be one whit less if the attempt is made by a sovereign people than if it is made by a sovereign Cæsar. The despotism of the Red Terror, which was founded on the will of the majority, was as cruel, as unjust, and as disastrous to the people as the despotism of the Old Régime. "For myself," says De Tocqueville, "when I feel the hand of power lie heavy on my brow, I care but little to know who oppresses me; and I am not the more disposed to pass beneath the yoke because it is held out to me by the arms of a million of men." History abundantly confirms De Tocqueville's sentiment, and disposes of the sentiment borrowed from Rousseau that just governments rest upon the consent of the governed. The rest of the philosophy of Rousseau has long since been abandoned by thoughtful men; the imagined history on which he based it has long since been disproved by scholarly research. This relic of an exploded philosophy is no better worthy of our reverence because it is found inserted in a parenthesis in the Declaration of Independence. An age which refuses to regard the Bible as a final and infallible authority will not consent to regard incidental phrases in the Declaration of Independence as final and infallible. Just governments rest on conformity with the laws of God. "The seat of law," says Hooker, "is in the bosom of Almighty God." The Outlook has said all this over and over again, but since the question is still repeated perhaps the answer ought to be repeated.

A righteous democracy is simply one way of ascertaining what are the laws of God, and of conforming the life of the community to them. In democracy a large proportion of the community—in America about one in ten—participate in this endeavor. The other nine-tenths are under the government of this one-tenth. This method has two great advantages over all other forms of government. As all classes participate in it, the dangers of class legislation are materially reduced; and class legislation is one of the most fruitful causes of unjust government—that is. of government inconsistent with the divine laws. Moreover, the people who make the laws in a democracy are the ones most likely to suffer from bad laws;

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suffering is a great education; thus democracy tends automatically to correct the evils which it inflicts upon itself; it is, therefore, of all forms of government the most educative. But when class legislation is permitted in a democracy, as it sometimes is permitted, and when, despite the evils which bad government inflicts on the common people, the common people continue it, the government is not made just by their consent. The people of Pennsylvania for years have consented to a corrupt rule under Quay; the people of New York City consent to blackmail under Croker; but the public consent has not made the government either of the Quay Republican ring or the Tammany Democratic ring a just government.

The principle here enunciated furnishes a reply to two other questions addressed to us by correspondents whose letters we publish on another page. In the judgment of The Outlook, the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and the subsequent treaty with Spain have combined to make the United States responsible for the protection of persons and property in the Philippines. We are not responsible for persons and property in Finland, and therefore, however great our sympathy with the Finns, we have no call to interfere with injustice perpetrated there. We are responsible in the Philippines; and this responsibility is recognized by the Democratic no less than by the Republican party, since its platform in terms declares it to be our duty to establish there a stable government. But if we have any responsibility, it is to establish a just as well as a stable government—that is, a government in conformity with the divine principles of justice and equity. The worst thing we could do would be to establish a Filipino government without seeing that it is just, and then stand guard about it to protect it from foreign attack if it is unjust to foreigners, and (as Mr. Foreman has proposed) against domestic attack if it is unjust to its citizens. This would be the worst thing, because it would prevent the people from learning by experience. The next worst thing we could do would be to govern the Filipinos as the Roman Emperor and the Roman Senate governed a Roman province. This is imperialism—the government of a great body of the people by one man or a few men, or of other classes by one class, or of one community by another independent and separate community. This in all its forms The Outlook has condemned and resisted, and expects always to condemn and resist, in whatever form and under whatever guise it makes its appearance.

The best thing we can do is to help the Filipinos to form a government of their own, and while they are doing so, under our guidance and direction, to protect them alike from foreign and from domestic enemies. This is what America is trying to do, and this is not imperialism. While a military oligarchy still holds sway in parts of the islands, and encourages anarchy and assassination in other parts, America has sent some of her best and ablest citizens to the islands to help the Filipinos who are willing to accept our help to form a self-governing community; these Commissioners have been officially instructed to organize first town governments, then provincial governments, last of all a centralized government to grow out of the others; in doing this to maintain those essential principles of human rights which the experience of the past has proved to be in accordance with the divine laws and which are incorporated in our Bill of Rights and our Constitution; to follow as far as possible the methods already proposed or accepted by the people themselves; to give preference to natives in selecting officials to administer the government; to recognize and respect their customs, fashions, and even their prejudices; to establish and equip schools for their better instruction; in short, to build up a self-governing community among them upon principles of justice and equal rights, leaving the question of the relation of that community to the Nation which has been its nursing mother to be settled in the future, when the community has come to its consciousness and is able to express its choice. It is quite legitimate to question whether such an undertaking as this is practicable, or to argue that a Republic like our own is incompetent to do so beneficent a work, or even that, in the nature of the case, it is a task impossible; but to call this procedure, as it is defined by President McKinley in his instructions to the Commissioners, imperialism, to class it with the government exercised by im-

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perial Rome over her provinces, by the Czar over Siberia, or even by England over Egypt or India, appears to us a singular misuse of language, since it confounds political processes essentially different.

And this appears to us to answer the question of another correspondent who thinks he discovers inconsistency between the present position of The Outlook and a past utterance of its editor-in-chief which he quotes, and which we reprint with his letter. To us they do not seem inconsistent. Mr. Carl Schurz has challenged defenders of the present Government "to show in the whole history of the world a single act of perfidy committed by any Republic more infamous than that committed by Mr. McKinley's administration against our Filipino allies." The Outlook meets this challenge with another. When before in the history of the world has a great Nation delivered at its own cost a helpless community from an oppression under which it has long suffered, in the treaty consequent upon victory has reimbursed the oppressor the money expended by him in real material improvements, has promised the vanquished nation all the trade advantages it derives itself from the conquest, has protected the liberated people from threats of foreign powers and from the greater peril threatened by that anarchy which almost invariably follows the sudden overthrow of despotic power, has sent highly trained teachers to open schools and organize a system of public instruction, has selected men from its best citizens and sent them with instructions to aid the community in organizing its own system of self-government, has pledged itself to give the preference to natives in all appointments to office, in all this beneficent work has insisted on nothing except that the rights of civil and religious liberty shall be preserved, and from first to last has demanded for itself no promise or guarantee of any commercial preference or advantage of any kind whatsoever? For a great Republic thus to undertake the education of a childlike people such as the Filipinos, help them organize their institutions of self-government, and guard them against assault, while the process is being carried on, both from within and from without, appears to us a new and noble stage in the development of human brotherhood.

Two Scholars

Two men have recently died whose services to education ought not to be overlooked, and whose aims were so distinctly intellectual that they deserve emphasis in a time which is generally characterized as largely commercial. Dr. Henry Sidgwick, widely known to the English-speaking world, not only for his valuable contributions to the literature of politics and of ethics, but for his services to Newnham College at Cambridge, of which he was the head, was one of those men the presence of whom in large numbers in England gives distinction and dignity to English life. He was a scholar of great acquirements, a thinker at once lucid and profound, a successful lecturer, and a man of academic spirit and marked social gifts. More than thirty years ago Professor Sidgwick suggested a comprehensive scheme of lectures for women in Cambridge. Girton College had then been recently established at a sufficient distance from Cambridge to be within reach and yet to be outside the old university town. It proposed to have an academic life of its own, although one of the most venerable of English universities was within easy walking distance. The higher education of women had already attracted wide attention in England, and had borne fruit in other ways besides the establishment of Girton College. Dr. Sidgwick's plan for taking advantage, on behalf of women, of the resources of scholarship accumulated at Cambridge secured the support of a number of very influential people. In 1871 sufficient funds had been raised, a house was opened at Cambridge, and Miss Anne J. Clough, the sister of the poet, became its head. In three years the college had outgrown a rented house, as Barnard College outgrew one in this city; the committee became a stock company, about $50,000 was raised, and in 1876 the students in the care of Miss Clough moved into a building which had been erected for their own purposes, and Newnham College began its influential career. Four years later another hall was added to the accommodations for the college, and Dr. and Mrs. Sidgwick, who were equally devoted to the enterprise, made their home in the new hall. Miss Helen Gladstone, a daughter of Mr.

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Gladstone, succeeded Miss Clough as Principal. In 1888 a third hall was built, and Newnham is now adequately and beautifully housed on the outskirts of Cambridge, and has made its place among the higher institutions of learning in England. Its success has been due in no small measure to the wisdom, the ability, and the devotion of Dr. and Mrs. Sidgwick. Dr. Sidgwick's "Elements of Politics" and his "Methods of Ethics" have been widely read. His intellectual influence has been one of the definite powers in recent English life.

Professor Thomas Davidson, although a Scotchman by birth, and a graduate of a Scotch university, had for many years identified himself with teaching work in this country. In the earlier years of his life he taught in the harness; in the later years he was a free lance. Like Mr. Denton J. Snider, with whom he was at one time associated in teaching work, Professor Davidson represented the humanist modified by the new conditions of modern life. His intellectual curiosity was insatiable; there were few fields of knowledge in those aspects which bear upon human culture which he had not investigated. His power of assimilation was as great as his capacity for work, and he lived in the phases of thought through which he was passing. At one time he was saturated with Hebrew thought, at another with Oriental thought, at still another with early Italian, and at a fourth with German thought; and in whatever phase of culture he found himself at work he was absolutely absorbed. He was a man of acquirements and intellectual energy rather than a man of vision and inspiration; but he had great power of setting men and women afoot in the field of intellectual investigation. The work in which he was deeply interested at the time of his death, among the Russian Hebrews of this city, will be as well worth remembering as anything he did. Two years ago, under the auspices of the People's Institute, he began a series of lectures in East Broadway which brought him into close touch with a great many young men and women, and he became so deeply interested that he organized a class in history and sociology which he taught for many months without remuneration. At a time when so many young men and women of the working classes are in revolt, more or less bitter, against existing institutions, when so many panaceas are presented to them as specifics for the social and industrial evils of life, Professor Davidson's aims in his work are well worth considering. He saw clearly that the problems of the working classes are not to be settled by a readjustment of conditions; that something more is needed for the development of the full life of men and women than better conditions for work and better conditions for outward living. Professor Davidson understood that men live by culture—that is to say, by the knowledge of what humanity has done, and by the unfolding of the spirit—as well as by the work which they do with their hands. He defined his purpose in these words:

> In the discussion which followed the course of lectures on "Problems which the Nineteenth Century Presents to the Twentieth" . . . I had come to know to some extent the character, aspirations, and needs of the young people whom I undertook to instruct. I saw that they were both able and earnest, but carried away by superficial teachings of a Socialistic or Anarchistic sort, greatly to their own detriment and to that of society. My first object, therefore, in taking up the class was to induce its members to study and think out carefully the great problems of sociology and culture in accordance with the historic method, and so to impart to their minds a healthy attitude toward society; to do away with the vengeful sense of personal or class wrong, and to arouse faith in individual effort and manly and womanly self-dependence. I desired, moreover, to give them such an outlook upon life as would lift their lives out of narrowness and sordidness and give them ideal aims. Finally, I wished to train them in the use of correct English, both written and spoken. My method of instruction consisted in gaining their confidence, and in making them do as much as possible. I also tried to impart impetus and give direction. In spite of a little distrust on their part at first, I soon gained their confidence and even their affection, while they performed the tasks set them with a will and perseverance that were really admirable.

As a result of the diffusion of these ideas, the members of Professor Davidson's class not only studied stenography, but Greek and Latin and philosophy. They not only gained a better preparation for earning a livelihood, but they gained what was still more important, a larger and more intelligent view of life, a wider and more adequate conception of what society is in its history and organization. Such work, conceived in such a spirit, ought not to be forgotten, either as the contri-

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bution of an individual man to American civilization, or as an example of a kind of work the value of which social reformers do not always adequately recognize.

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Queen Margaret's Prayer

A sudden blow, and the good King has slipped from his wife's side, leaving her bereaved. Her soul cries out in its agony to the Great Comforter, and Italy responds with a deep Amen to her simple prayer:

"O Lord, he did good in this world; he cherished rancor towards no one; he always forgave those who did him wrong; to his last breath he sacrificed his life to duty, to the good of his country, and he studied ever how best to fulfill his mission. Because of his dear blood issuing from the three wounds, because of his works of goodness and justice accomplished in his life, Lord, merciful and just, receive him into thy arms, and give him eternal peace."

But the Church of Rome will have none of this prayer. In a published edict the Vatican declares that it has "tolerated" the funeral of the late King; but "as to the prayer, composed in a moment of supreme and pitiful anguish, a prayer not conforming to the laws of Holy Liturgy, it cannot be, nor has it ever been, approved by the supreme ecclesiastical authority." Protestantism, too, would doubtless criticise this prayer, for is it not a "prayer for the dead," and does not Protestantism disallow prayers for the dead? Orthodoxy would criticise, if not disallow, it; for in this prayer there is no confession of sin, and mercy is sought because of the merits of the King, not because of the merits of his Saviour, and the blood which is pleaded is his own blood, not that of the Crucified One. Rationalism also, while it would not disallow this cry of a woman's anguished heart, and might even smile indulgently upon it, would not conceive that it furnished any other relief than that afforded by a mere outlet for pent-up emotion. It would not conceive it possible that in the Infinite and the Eternal there could be succor in such an hour for one who is but an insignificant mite on a grain of sand in the great universe.

From the conventional narrowness of the ecclesiastic and the theologian, and from the cold philosopher who refuses to take counsel of his own best impulses, an appeal lies to the common heart of humanity. When at Andria, in the midst of the memorial service, the Bishop announced the Papal edict prohibiting the use of Queen Margaret's prayer, the people, mostly Romanists, arose in a body and left the church! Wise people! Their instincts conducted them more unerringly and nearer to the heart of their Father than their ecclesiastical leaders could conduct them. For the prayer to which the heart of humanity responds with outgoing pity will not appeal in vain to Him who is the fountain of all pity. The Father is not so hedged about with etiquette that he cannot be approached except in conformity to the "laws of Holy Liturgy;" nor so coldly philosophical that he cannot hear and heed the cry of his child for the husband and lover who has been suddenly summoned from his wife's presence into the impenetrable unknown; nor so steeled against the common and instant instincts of sorrow that he will not listen to its speech unless it pleads its cause in accordance with standards which theology has framed; and He who sees the sparrow when he falls, and who gives the wild beasts their forest food, is not so remote from man or so oblivious to man's needs that he cannot attend to the cry of his sorrow-stricken child. He who manifested himself on earth by One who indignantly rebuked the philosophers that thought him too busy to bless the little children, is not too busy now to take his older children to his arms and bless them. The response of the common people in Italy is a truer interpretation of Him in whose heart is the spring of all human compassion than is the ruling of the ecclesiastic, the criticism of the theologian, or the gentle irony of the benignant skeptic.

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A correspondent calls our attention to an error in our paragraph last week on the slaughter of the Chinese by Russian Cossacks. Professor Wright did not, as there stated, declare that the work of devastation was ordered by those high in authority, but exactly the contrary. The misquotation was due to a temporary confusing of Professor Wright's letter with a despatch from English sources in which the allegation was made substantially as quoted.

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The Spectator

It is always a joyful occasion to an individual when his ship comes in; and if to an individual, how much more to a community? How much more superlative still, then, to have a whole fleet sail in and anchor amid the rejoicings of the populace! The Spectator can speak from experience, for he was recently in a whirl of arches, flags, festoons, festivities, cheers, salutes, and illuminations for nearly a week, during which period Aldrich's "Old Town by the Sea," Portsmouth, was welcoming the North Atlantic Squadron with unwearying enthusiasm. The Spectator soon learned to know an admiral the moment he landed, by the salute. Thirteen guns for an admiral, seventeen for the Secretary of the Navy, and twenty-one for the President, are the regulation numbers. There were several admirals, and the Secretary and Assistant Secretary, so the guns were booming continually, and the marines, in their best uniforms, were always trotting down to the landing to receive somebody or other in state, during the whole stay of the fleet. The Spectator, indeed, found the Yard a most interesting place in every way. The captured Spanish guns are there, and the graves of the Spanish prisoners who died on Seavey's Island form a place of pilgrimage for sightseers. Best of all, the Reina Mercedes, the Spanish war-ship once sunk in Santiago Bay, with the arms of Spain still at her bow, is moored here at a wharf not a stone's throw away from the Raleigh, which is being painted and refitted in the Yard after her Manila Bay experiences. The Spectator went on board of both, and found them about equal in size; but there the resemblance ends, happily for the Raleigh; for the Reina, which lay under water for several months before Hobson succeeded in raising her, is as disreputable an old hulk in appearance as can be imagined, with her paint, inside and out, soaked off and rusted through, her woodwork a sight to behold, and her machinery and boilers a wreck. It seems impossible ever to repair her into a presentable war-ship again; but the Yard expects to do it, and to use her thereafter as a receiving-ship.

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Interesting as the Raleigh and Reina were, they were, however, only a background for the festivities of the week. The occasion of the fleet's arrival was an extremely interesting one, from the naval point of view, for it commemorated, by the presentation of memorial bronze tablets to the new Kearsarge and Alabama, the celebrated conflict of the original Kearsarge and Alabama thirty-six years ago. It was also interesting from its patriotic side, since the reunion of North and South was emphasized in every way possible. The Governor of Alabama was present as a guest of the Granite State, and the respective descendants of Thornton of the Kearsarge and Semmes of the Alabama were to unveil the tablets when the ceremony of presentation took place. The only drawback was that the Alabama, not being yet in commission, could not be there, so that the Kearsarge had to represent both—reminding the Spectator of the wedding journey in the story where one of the pair went off on the bridal trip and the other was left at home.

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The Kearsarge had impressive companions in the other big war-ships of the squadron. The Spectator, on the morning of their arrival, rejoiced in a view of all seven of them from the old graveyard on Kittery Point—that graveyard where it is said the well-known epitaph can be found:

I was lost in the raging seas,
Almighty God does as he please.
My Kittery friends they did appear
And they buried my body right down here.

The Spectator searched for this mortuary gem, but could not discover it on any one of the old slate and marble stones among the tangled grass and vines. A clan of Seawards are buried, most appropriately, on the furthest slope toward the harbor, and from their family lot the Spectator gazed at the great ships lying on the blue water like swans—except that anything less like a swan than a modern battle-ship can hardly be imagined. Even the ocean greyhound simile fits no longer. They might be called ocean bulldogs, rather, these heavy, compact white hulls with their solid ochre-yellow load of machinery and guns.

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The naval mind has already adjusted its point of view to this fact. Even the ladies in the Navy-Yard have learned

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to appreciate the points of such models as the Kentucky and Kearsarge, and to call them "lovely." The Kearsarge, of course, being the center of the occasion, was especially admired. All over Portsmouth were double arches and double festoons framing the twin names "Kearsarge—Alabama." The old Kearsarge was built here in the Yard in 1861, and so the new one, though four times as large, found abundant room in the Portsmouth heart. The story of the fight of the original Alabama and Kearsarge off Cherbourg, in 1864, was told to the Spectator by officers who had every detail of it at their fingers' ends; and a fine fight it must have been. The principal arch in Portsmouth was emblematic of it, bearing the arms of Alabama on one side and those of New Hampshire on the other, with a choice assortment of mottoes sprinkled in: "Liberty," "Union," "North and South," "1861–1900," "In Union there is Strength," and so on.

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The decorations everywhere overflowed the streets. The advantage of a small town, whose highest building is but of four stories, over such a high and large city as New York, for instance, is that you can easily cover the whole place with bunting and let not a roof or a window escape. Portsmouth was smothered in red, white, and blue, and even the tree-trunks were wound with colors, like glorified barbers' poles. Portsmouth may be a staid and old-fashioned town, but it has welcomed George Washington in its day, and it knows how to be patriotic.

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The presentation day, "Kearsarge Day," was rainy, of course, but obligingly cleared up into a perfect autumnal afternoon. The grand stand was full of notable naval men, and the Governors of New Hampshire and Alabama sat side by side under the flags of their respective States. The stuffed yellowhammer on the Alabama standard attracted much attention, and the Spectator heard people explaining to their friends that it was a mocking-bird, "the emblem of Alabama, you know." Governor Johnston carried every one captive by his characteristically Southern speech, witty, graceful, and warming to eloquence at its patriotic close. Everybody made a speech—the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of the Navy, ex-Secretary Herbert, Admiral Sampson, the captains of the two new battle-ships, the two Governors, the Mayor, and so on; and all the speeches were good, too, warm with the brotherhood of a united North and South, and vigorously applauded by the audience. The climax, of course, was reached when the daughter of Semmes and the granddaughter of Thornton (one a handsome dark-eyed Southern matron, the other a fair-haired, rosy little Northern maid) unveiled the two tablets. The one for the Kearsarge was in high relief—two splendid bronze figures, representing New Hampshire and Alabama, clasping hands over the shield of the Union, under the shadowing wings of the American eagle. The tablet for the Alabama was of entirely different style—a scroll supported by dolphins, and presented to the new cruiser "to perpetuate in enduring peace names once joined in historic combat."

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The parade, next day, wound up things in style. The bluejackets from the various ships carried off the honors of the marching, and the young naval cadets showed a grace in leading their companies which is probably the effect of so many balls a week. Portsmouth is not a city of magnificent distances, so the line of march comprised pretty nearly all of its irregular streets, and the Spectator, after seeing the procession from the grand stand, met it twice again on his way to the boat-landing, and enjoyed it afresh. It went marching on gallantly under evergreen arches, and past red-white-and-blue-draped paintings of Washington Crossing the Delaware, and the Kearsarge and the Alabama shooting at each other across white-capped waves, and of a frantic runaway being stopped by a Portsmouth policeman (this was on the police headquarters), and of some one being rescued from a burning building by heroic Portsmouth firemen (this was on the engine-house), and so on past the liberty pole in the square, and past everybody's front window, till the most persistent parade-lover could ask no more.

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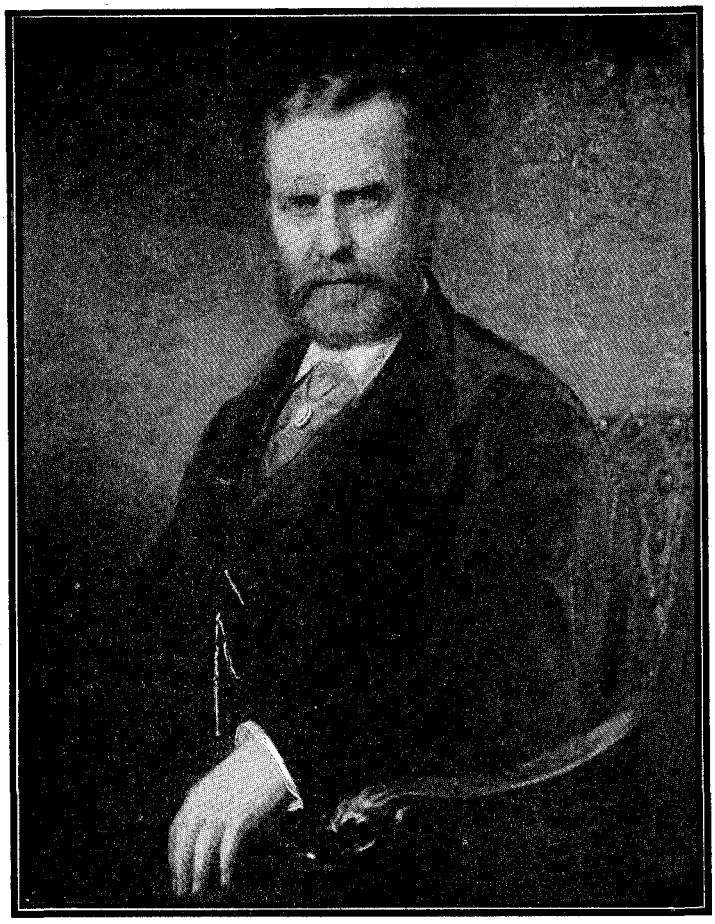

Photographed for The Outlook by Henry Hoyt Moore from the painting by Daniel Huntington.

Theodore Roosevelt's Father

By Jacob A. Riis

ON the rocky point of Lake Wahwaskesh, in Canada, across from where I have been idling in my canoe all morning, angling for bass, there stood once a giant pine, a real monarch of the forest. The winter storms laid it low, and its skeleton branches harass the inlet, reaching half-way across. Perched on the nearest one, a choleric red squirrel has been scolding me quite half an hour for intruding where I am not wanted. But its abuse is wasted; my thoughts were far away. From among the roots of the fallen tree a sturdy young pine has sprung, straight and shapely, fair to look at. The sight of the two, the dead and the living, made me think of two at home who loved the wildwood well. Father and son, they bore but one name, known to us all—Theodore Roosevelt. There came to my mind the pronunciamento of some one which I had just read in a new York newspaper, that Theodore Roosevelt's day was soon spent, and other less recent deliverances to the same effect. And it occurred to me that these good people had probably never heard the story of the other Theodore, the Governor's father, or else had forgotten it. So, for the benefit of the prophetic souls who are always shaking their heads at the son, predicting that he will not last, I tell the story here again. They will have no trouble in making out the bearing of it on their pet

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concern. And they will note that the father "lasted" well, which was giving the community in which he lived a character to be proud of. He did more. "He grew on us continually," said one who had known him well, "until we wondered with a kind of awe for what great purpose he had been put among us." The people "resolved" at his untimely death that it "involved a loss of moral power and executive efficiency which no community can well spare."

Theodore Roosevelt was a glass importer in Maiden Lane, having taken over the business after his father Cornelius. The Roosevelts had always borne an honored name in New York. Two of the sons of Jacob Roosevelt, who in the early part of the last century bought land "in the swamp near the cripple bush" and had the street that still bears the family name cut through, were Aldermen when the name meant something. Isaac Roosevelt was a delegate to the Continental Congress. He had been the right-hand man of Governor Moore in organizing the New York hospital corporation, and President of the Board of Governors. Organizers they ever were, doers of things, and patriots to a man. It was a Roosevelt who started the first bank in New York and was its first president. Theodore came honestly by the powers which he turned to such account for his city when it needed him. He had in him the splendid physical endurance, the love of a fight in the cause of right, and the clear head of his Dutch ancestors, plus the profound devotion that "held himself and all he had at the service of humanity." With such an equipment a college education matters little. Theodore's father thought it might spoil his boys, and took no chances. But exclusion of college did not mean to them loss of culture. That was their birthright.

The war came, with its challenge to the youth of the land. I fancy that Theodore Roosevelt fought and won a harder fight in staying home than many a one who went. There were reasons why he should stay, good reasons, and he stayed. But if he could not fight for his country, he could at least back up those who did. He set himself at once to develop practical plans of serving them. He helped raise and equip regiments that went out—the first colored one among them; he joined in organizing the Union League Club, the strong patriotic center of that day; he worked with the Loyal Publication Society, which was doing a great educational work at a time when there was much ignorance as to the large issues of the conflict; he had a hand in the organization of the sanitary commission that saw to the comfort of the soldiers in the field. And when he had made sure that they were well fed and cared for, he turned his attention to those they had left behind. It was then he did the work for which he and his colleagues received the thanks of the Legislature of the State in joint session, much to its own credit.

Many of the soldiers' families were suffering for bread, while they wasted it by the cart-load in the army. The Government paid millions each month to the men, only to see the money squandered in riotous living at the sutlers' tents. Very little of it, if any, ever reached home. There were enough to offer to start it out, but the chances were greatly against its getting there. The sutler who sold forbidden rum in hollow loaves or imitation Bibles was not one to stop at a little plain robbery. The money was lost or wasted, the families starved, and the morale of the army suffered. Mr. Roosevelt drafted a bill to establish "allotment commissions," and took it to Washington. It was a plain measure authorizing commissioners appointed for each State to receive such a proportion of the soldier's pay as he wished to send home, and to forward it without cost or risk to him. He simply gave notice how much he wanted the wife to have, for instance; the General Government handed the amount to them, and they saw that she got it. But it was not plain sailing to get the bill passed. The men who were robbing the soldier denounced it as a swindle. Congressmen rated it a "bankers' job," unable to understand why any one should urge a bill at much personal inconvenience when "there was nothing in it" for him. The bill provided for unsalaried commissioners. But Mr. Roosevelt persisted. In the end, after three months of hard work, he got his bill through. President Lincoln, who understood, appointed Theodore Roosevelt, William E. Dodge, and Theodore B. Bronson the commissioners from New York. They went to work at once.

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It was midwinter. During the first three months of 1862 they traveled from camp to camp, visiting the eighty regiments New York had in the field, and putting the matter to them personally. In the saddle often all day, they stood afterward in the cold and mud sometimes half the night, explaining and persuading, bearing insults and sneers from many of those they wished to benefit. The story of that winter's campaign is a human document recommended to the perusal of the pessimists and the head-shakers of any day. They had soon to give up the plea that they received no pay for their services, "because it aroused only suspicion." But they did not quit on that account. There was this thing to be done, by such means as they could. They learned, when any one asked how they benefited by it, to tell them that it was none of their business. "The money does not come out of your pocket; if we are satisfied, what is it to you?" They won their fight, as they were bound to, saved thousands of homes, and raised the tone of the army, in spite of snubs and predictions of failure. Even their own city sent rival commissioners into the field at one time, discrediting their work and their motives.

Other States heard of the great things done in New York, and followed suit. Great good resulted. In New York alone the amount saved to those in dire need of it ran up in the millions. It is recorded of Theodore Roosevelt that through it all he never lost his temper or his sunny belief in his fellow-men whom he had set out to serve. Conscious zeal did not sour him. It is easy to believe the statement that it was he who, with a friend, persuaded President Lincoln to replace Simon Cameron with Stanton in the War Department. That lonely man had few enough of his kind about him. At a time when the camps were gloomy and the outlook dark, it was Roosevelt who got up the—I came near saying the round-robin to his countrymen; it is not always an easy thing to keep the two Theodores apart. But that was not what was wanted at that time; it was a message of cheer from home, and it came in the shape of a giant Thanksgiving dinner sent from the North to the Army of the Potomac. Veterans remember it well, and how it revived flagging spirits and put heart into things, though grumblers were not wanted to dub it fantastical. Mr. Roosevelt got that up. He collected the funds, and, with his marvelous faculty for getting things done, made it the rousing success it was. Perhaps it is not a great thing to give a dinner; but just then it was the one thing to be done, and he did it. Then, when the fight was over, he had a hand in organizing the Protective War Claims Association, which collected the dues of crippled veterans and of the families of the dead without charge, and saved them from the fangs of the sharks. It was at Mr. Roosevelt's house that the Soldiers' Employment Bureau was organized, which did so much toward absorbing into the population again the vast army of men who were in danger of becoming dependent, and helped them preserve their self-respect.

That issue was not so easily met, however. The heritage of a great war was upon the land. The community was being rapidly pauperized. Vast sums of money were wasted on ill-considered charity. Fraud was rampant. Mr. Roosevelt set about weeding it out by organizing the city's charities. We find him laboring as a member of a "committee of nine," with Protestants, Jews, and Roman Catholics, to ferret out and arraign the institutions "existing only to furnish lazy managers with a living." He became the Vice-President of the State Charities Aid Association, a member of the Board of United Charities, and finally the head of the State Board of Charities, for the creation of which he had long striven. Wherever there was a break to be repaired, a leak to be stopped, there he was. He founded a hospital and dispensary for the treatment of hopeless spine and hip diseases. He pleaded, even on his death-bed, for rational treatment of the unhappy lunatics in the city's hospitals; for a farm where the boys in the House of Refuge might be fitted for healthy country life; for responsible management of the State's Orphan Asylums, for decent care of vagrants, for improved tenements. In all he did he was sensibly practical and wholesomely persistent. When he knew a thing to be right, it had to be done, and usually was done. With all that, he knew how to allow for differences of opinion in others who were as honest as he. Those who were not, expected no quarter and got none.

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Mr. Roosevelt's good sense showed him early that the problem of pauperism with which he was battling could not be run down. It had to be headed off if the fight was to be won. So he became Charles Loring Brace's most energetic backer in his fight for the children. He was a trustee of the Children's Aid Society, and never in all the years missed a Sunday evening with the boys in the Eighteenth Street lodging-house which was his particular charge. He knew them by name, and was their friend and adviser. And they loved him. When he lay dying, they bought rosebuds with their spare pennies and sent them to his house. Many a time he had come from the country with armfuls of flowers for them. The little lame Italian girl for whom he had bought crutches wrote him with infinite toil a tear-stained note to please get well and come and see her. His sympathy with poverty and suffering was instinctive and instant. One day of the seven he gave, however driven at the office, to personal work among the poor, visiting them at their homes. It was not a penance with him, but, he used to say, one of his chief blessings.

He was rich and gave liberally, but always with sense. He was a reformer of charity methods, as of bad political methods in his own fold. For that cause he was rejected by a Republican Senate, at the instance of Roscoe Conkling, when President Hayes appointed him Collector of the Port. Mr. Roosevelt had accepted with the statement that he would administer the office for the benefit, not of the party, but of the whole people. That meant the retirement of the Custom-House influence in politics, and civil service reform, for which the time was not ripe. It was left to his son to carry out, as was so much else he had at heart. So far as I know, that was the elder Roosevelt's only appearance in politics, as politicians understand the term. Always a Republican, he had gone to the Cincinnati Convention, which nominated Mr. Hayes, as a representative of the Reform League.

Church, mission, and Sunday-school had in him a stanch supporter. He was a constant contributor with counsel and purse to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. I like to think that the key to all he was and did is in the answer he gave his pastor when once the latter said that he liked his name Theodore, with its meaning, "a gift of God." "Why may we not," replied Mr. Roosevelt, "change it about a bit and make it 'a gift to God'?" No man could have said it unless he meant just that. And, meaning it, his life must be exactly what it was.

This is the picture we get of him: a man of untiring energy, of prodigious industry, the most valiant fighter in his day for the right, and the winner of his fights. Mr. Brace said of him that it would be difficult to mention any good thing attempted in New York in twenty years in which he did not have a hand. With it all he enjoyed life as few, and with cause: he never neglected a duty. He drove a four-in-hand in the Park, sailed a boat, loved the woods, shared in every athletic sport, and was the life and soul of every company. At forty-six he was as strong and active as at sixteen, his youthful ideals as undimmed. I have had to suffer many taunts in my days on account of my hero of fiction, John Halifax, from those who never found a man so good. I have been happier than they, it seems. But perhaps they did not know him when they saw him. Some of them must have known Theodore Roosevelt, and he was just such a one. He would go to a meeting of dignified citizens to discuss the gravest concerns of the city or of finance, with a sick kitten in his coat-pocket, which he had picked up in the street and was piloting to some safe harbor. His home life was what you might expect of such a man. His children worshiped him. A score of times I have heard his son sigh when, as Governor or Police Commissioner, he had accomplished something for which his father had striven and paved the way, "How I wish father were here and could see it!" His testimony of filial love completes the picture. "Father was," he said to me, "the finest man I ever knew, and the happiest."

His power of endurance was as extraordinary as his industry. In the last winter of his life, when he was struggling with a mortal disease, his daily routine was to rise at 8:30, and, after the morning visit to his mother, which he never on any account omitted, to work at the office till six. The evening was for his own and for his friends until eleven o'clock, after

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which he usually worked at his desk until 1 or 2 A.M. Several years before he had had to give up his father's business to attend to the many private trusts that sought him as his influence grew in the community. A hundred public interests demanded his aid besides. He helped to organize the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Museum of Natural Sciences, and kept a directing hand upon them up to his death. When mismanagement of the American department at the Vienna Exhibition caused scandal and the retirement of the directors, it was Mr. Roosevelt who straightened out things. Were funds to be raised for a charity, he was ever first in demand. His championship of any cause was proof enough that it was good. His sunny temper won everybody over. "I never saw him come into my office," said a friend about him, "but I instinctively took down my check-book." He surrendered at sight.

The news of his death, on February 9, 1878, came home to thousands with a sense of personal bereavement. Though he was but a private citizen, flags flew at half-mast all over the city. Rich and poor followed him to the grave, and the children whose friend he had been wept over him. In the reports of the meetings held in his memory one catches the echo of a nature rarely blending sweetness with strength. They speak of his stanch integrity and devotion to principle; his unhesitating denunciation of wrong in every form; his chivalric championship of the weak and oppressed wherever found; his scorn of meanness; his generosity that knew no limit of sacrifice; his truth and tenderness; his careful, sound judgment; his unselfishness, and his bright, sunny nature that won all hearts. The Union League Club resolved "that his life was a stirring summons to the men of wealth, of culture, and of leisure in the community, to a more active participation in public affairs" as a means of saving the State.

Four years later his son Theodore was elected to the Assembly, and entered upon the career of public service which, by his exercise of the qualities that made his father beloved, has set him in the Governor's chair of his State and made him the candidate of his party for the next to the highest office in the land. Other monument the people have never built to the memory of the first Theodore; but I fancy that they could have chosen none that would have pleased him more; and I am quite sure that he is here to see it.

This is the story, not of a people in its age-long struggle for righteousness, but of a single citizen who died before he had attained to his forty-eighth year, and it is the material out of which real civic greatness is made. I know of none in all the world that lasts better, prophets of evil and pessimists generally to the contrary notwithstanding. I have been at some pains to tell it to this generation, though it has brought my noisy neighbor, the squirrel, to the verge of a fit of apoplexy, out of charity to the prophets aforesaid. Let them compare now the son's life as they know it, as we all know it, with the father's, point for point, deed for deed, and tell us what they think of it. The truth, mind; for that, with knowledge of what has been, is, after all, the proper basis for prophecy as to what is to be. Or else let them come squarely out and declare that they have lived in vain, that ours is a worse town, every way, than it was twenty years ago, and not fit for a decent man to live in. That is the alternative, as they will see—unless, indeed, they prefer to do as the squirrel does, just sit and scold.

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The Duke of Abruzzi

The excellent portrait of the young Duke of Abruzzi, whose Arctic expedition has just returned to civilization after excelling Nansen's "farthest north" by about nineteen miles, is from a photograph presented by the Duke to an Italian gentleman in New York, who kindly allows us to reproduce it here. The Duke is a son of the Duke of Aosta and a nephew of the late King Humbert. He is twenty-seven years old, and already had won fame as an explorer and mountain-climber by his ascent of Mount St. Elias in Alaska and other exploits before he undertook his voyage toward the North Pole. His vessel, the Stella Polaris, was driven on an ice-covered rocky coast and seriously injured, but was repaired by the crew. A sledge-party pushed on while this was being done, and reached 86° 33′ north latitude. The explorers suffered not a little privation, and were only saved from starvation by luckily killing many polar bears.

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SOCIAL ECONOMICS IN THE PARIS EXPOSITION

By W. H. Tolman, Ph.D.
Secretary of the League for Social Service

A NOTABLE advance was made at the Paris Exposition in the installation of the Department of Social Economy in a building devoted to its sole use, where, by means of graphics, maps, diagrams, photographs, and documents, the various forms of socialized improvement were exhibited. That the interpretation of the scope of social economy was very different was shown by the exhibits of the various countries, Russia showing industrial betterment and the work of the temperance societies, Germany workmen's insurance and the prevention of accidents, Switzerland the efforts of the peace societies, and Holland improved dwellings for the workmen; however, through all this diversity ran the central purpose, that each of the exhibits was a definite contribution to the sum total of human progress.

While social economy is no new science, its application and interpretation have received great development within the last decade. The thousands of visitors thronging this building, particularly the wage-earners of the various nations, emphasized its great importance and the necessity of developing it still further in future Expositions. It was, for instance, of great value for the employees to see exhibited the various movements for their social and industrial betterment; while, on the other hand, the employer could study for himself the various demands of labor as expressed in reports and special circulars.

On general principles, each visitor at a great Exposition like that of Paris gets what he brings to it; in other words, the Philistine seeks his "cakes and ale," his Midway and his Streets of Cairo; the student of social science studies the Palace of Social Economy and the Swiss Village, while the scientist is interested in the wonderful applications of science to the ever-increasing perfection of delicate yet complicated machinery. Those who are content to spend what time they can in a study of one, two, or three departments, approaching them each time with a mind enlarged and broadened by new and fresh comparisons—these visitors will pronounce the Exposition a success and a means of inspiration. At this period of the world's existence it is more satisfactory to regard a great exposition as a composite, each part of which is sure to repay individual study.

The entire Exposition was divided into eighteen groups, which included the entire range of human activity, education, fine arts, electricity, agriculture, foodstuffs, textiles, and colonization, etc. Group XVI. was devoted exclusively to Social Economy. The subdivisions will show the importance of this group, and the reason why they were installed in a building of their own: Apprenticeship and the protection of child labor; the remuneration of the wage-earner, and profit-sharing; large and small industries, co-operative associations of workmen, trade-unions; agricultural credit; security of workshops, prevention of accidents; child labor and women workers; accident insurance; workingmen's dwellings; co-operation; institutions for developing the moral and the intellectual condition of workmen; institutions for thrift and savings; mutual aid, pensions, insurance; public or private movements for the welfare of the citizens; labor legislation, labor bureaus, the Musée Social; hygiene; private and public char-

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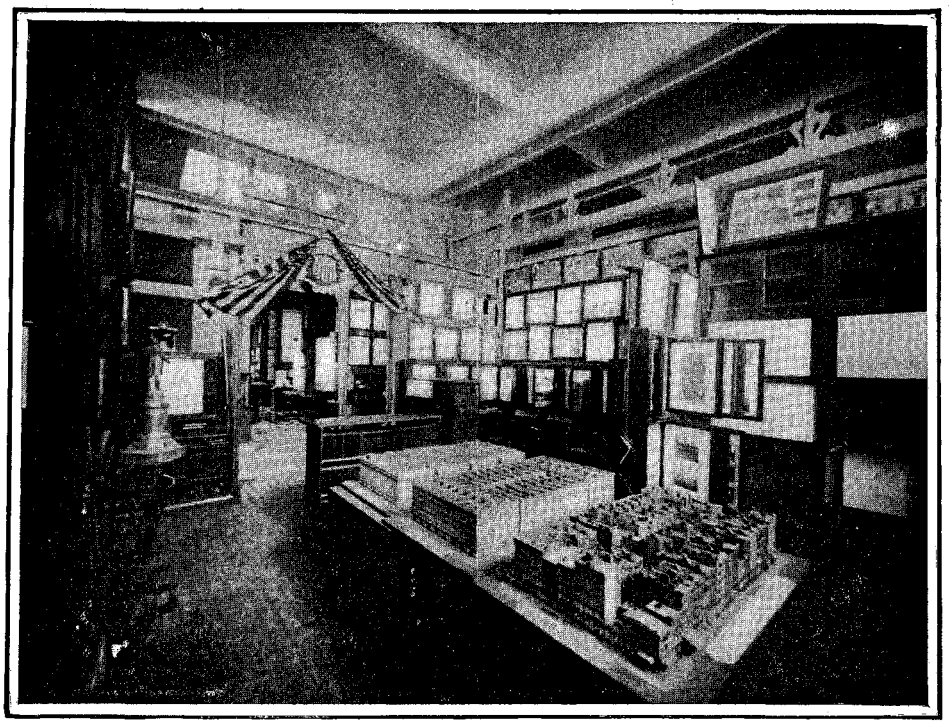

THE AMERICAN EXHIBIT

ity. The catalogue for this group was a volume of nearly five hundred pages.

The Hon. Howard J. Rogers was the Director of Education and Social Economy. The space at his disposal in the United States section at the Exposition was 27x27 feet, hence a principle of rigid exclusion was compelled, and carefully selected types were exhibited. The visitor gained by this fact, because he was not obliged to look at hundreds of similar objects. The Special Agents for Mr. Rogers were Dr. Josiah Strong, Mr. W. F. Willoughby, Chief Expert of the Department of Labor, Washington; Dr. Edward T. Jones, Dr. Fred. W. Speirs, Mr. Homer Folks, Dr. E. T. Devine, and Dr. W. H. Tolman.

The space assigned to the United States was adjoining Germany and opposite Switzerland. On all sides of the room were shelves containing documents, reports, and books, the sources of information, which were interpreted by means of photographs installed in the wing frames, so placed as to be seen comfortably; above the wing frames were hung charts and diagrams, which were so large that they could be readily seen at a distance. Just under the wing frames, and above the shelves, was a broad ledge, serving as a table, on which books and diagrams could be studied with comfort. It also made a convenient resting-place for large albums. On the left-hand side of the room was a notable collection of maps and charts, prepared by Dr. Edward T. Jones, of the University of Wisconsin, illustrating the extent of the United States and its resources. For instance, all the cities of 8,000 inhabitants were plotted in one map, while in another the boot and shoe industries were shown; a third graphic showed the United States laid down on the map of Europe. This exhibit had been prepared with great care by Dr. Jones, and was very valuable from the Exposition point of view, because each chart was labeled in French and English. Each map was mounted on a spring roller and set at angles, so that a large number of maps were thus installed in a very small space. Another corner of the room was devoted to an exhibit of the work of the Library Association, while diagonally opposite was the great Negro Exhibit in the care of Mr. Calloway, who had been charged with the collection and interpretation of this material, consisting of documents, photographs, and graphics.

Prominent in this exhibit were the results attained by Hampton Institute and

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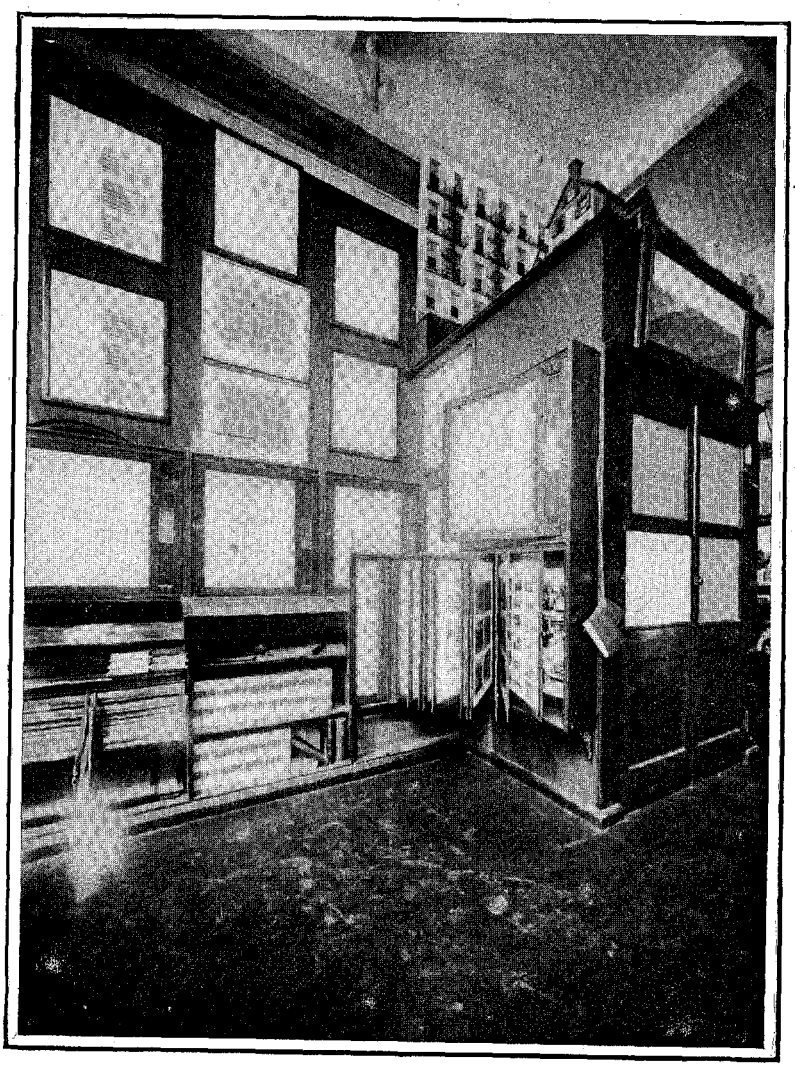
Tuskegee. The "before" and "after" photographs of these two schools were dramatic in the contrasts, showing what education in manual training had accomplished for the economic freedom of this race.

By an adaptation of the wing-frame idea, in the upper part of his wall-space, Mr. Calloway had a series of frames on which were displayed metal-work, clothing, carpentry, harness, and agricultural products. In this way the visitor saw at a glance just the kind of work that was done by the various classes, and was not obliged to tire himself out with the monotonous view of hundreds of similar objects. A series of models of negro houses, schools, and outdoor scenes were added by way of further interpretation. A large part of the successful interpretation of this Negro Exhibit was due to the personal explanation of Mr. Calloway, who was always on hand and ready to answer questions.

The grand prix was awarded to this collection. Some arrangement should be made for keeping this Negro Exhibit intact, for the mass of information represents too much labor to have its value impaired. The study of the negro problem in the State of Georgia presents an array of facts that must be taken into the account



A WING FRAME

A device for holding 33 sheets of cardboard on which can be mounted many photographs. Each wing is detachable. The case is dust-proof.

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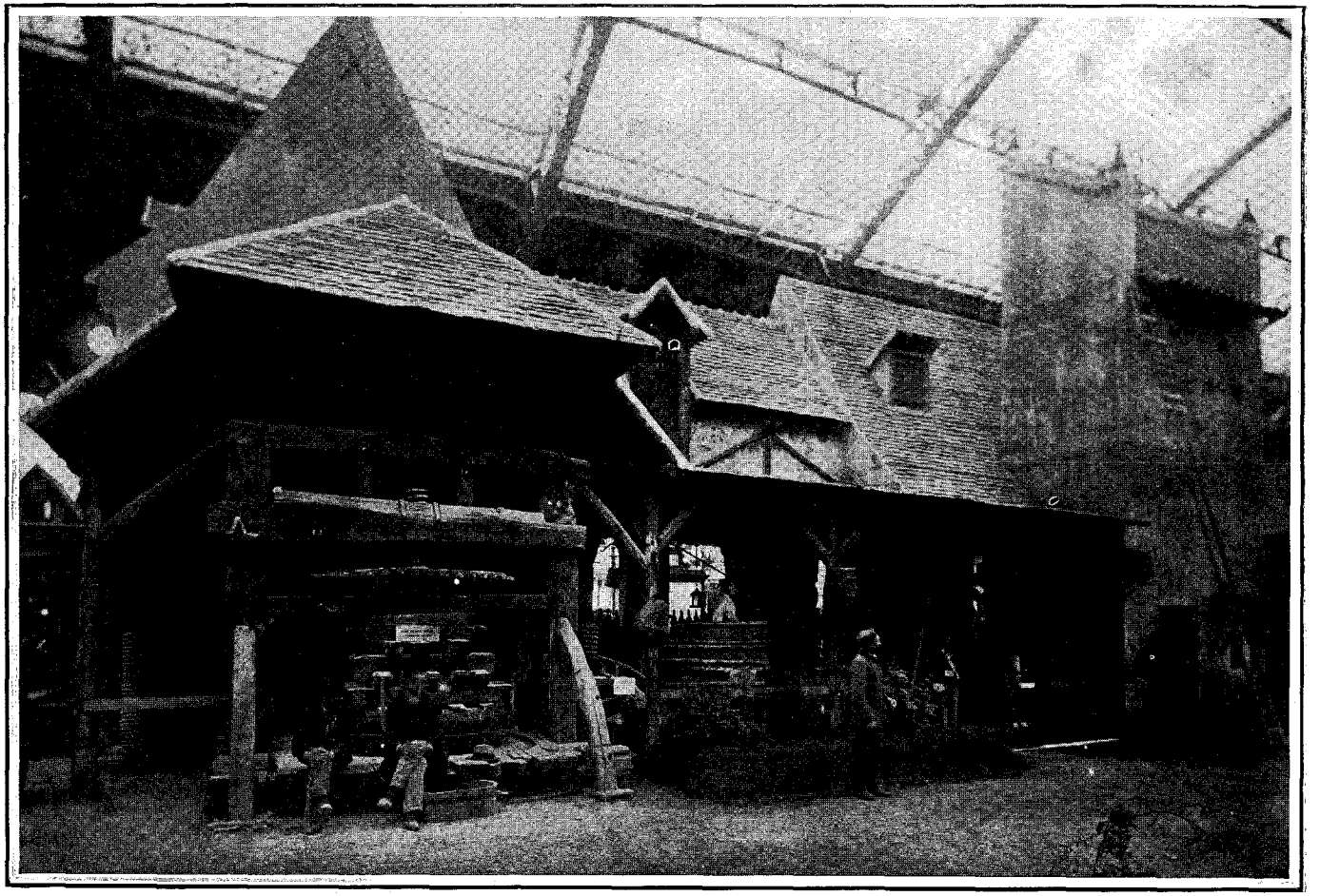

A RETROSPECTIVE EXHIBIT IN AGRICULTURE

Of great value for a comparative study.

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of any movement for the solution of this phase of the race question.

In the center of the room were a set of models of New York's tenement-house district—a part of the exhibit of the Tenement-House Committee of the Charity Organization Society of New York. Mr. Lawrence Veiller, the Secretary of this Committee, the promoter of the movement for improved housing, received the award of a gold medal, and the exhibit was honored by a grand prix.

A collection of the work of the building and loan associations, the railroad pension systems, the fraternal orders, the factory inspection, and the labor unions had been made by Mr. William Franklin Willoughby, of the Department of Labor, Washington. This kind of a collection did not lend itself to a spectacular display, but was of great importance to the investigator of these problems. It secured a large number of awards from the various juries under whose sections the different subjects came.

In addition to the exhibits, some of the nations prepared a special volume describing their entire section of social economy. This was more than a catalogue, for it contained a general survey of the entire field, making it possible to gain an adequate conception of the development and treatment of the problem in question. The Director of the United States section had a series of monographs prepared by specialists, treating subjects like factory inspection, the sweating system, labor bureaus, religious movements for social betterment, industrial betterment, the social work of the Salvation Army, and hygiene.

One of the most scientifically successful exhibits was made by Hungary, which was installed in one of the smallest sections in the Palace of Social Economy. It was successful because the most casual glance showed objects of human interest; for example, in the center of the room was a group of three different kinds of laborers—the farmer, the artisan, and the peasant—with their implements of work. Turning to the left were models of the peasants' homes, and in the adjoining case models of the various kinds of foodstuffs eaten by people living in the country. Another case showed in the same way the kind of food eaten by the city laborers, with models of their houses. On the opposite side of the room were exhibited appliances required by law for each manufacturer in his factory for first aid to the injured, or for use in more serious accidents. The entire upper part of the room was covered by a frieze, on which were painted types of working men and women, with typical occupations, both of the city and country.

A fourth of the space was devoted to an alcove where were assembled the reports, documents, charts, and graphics which constituted the scientific foundation for the spectacular or popular exhibit in the front room. This information was summarized in a series of monographs, so that in this alcove the scholar and the special investigator could study sources, drawing his own conclusions and testing those of others. By this arrangement Hungary caught the Philistine and held him, by satisfying his desire to see things of human interest, and at the same time gratifying those who wanted to know the why and wherefore of all that was shown. Every exhibit was labeled in French, and many of them in Hungarian.

One general criticism of the entire section of Social Economy was its lack of interpretative material—that is, a brief description of the exhibit so that any visitor whose interest was aroused ever so faintly might be able to gratify his desire for more information. The United States Government had one of the most complete exhibits, which was extremely gratifying, because Social Economy is a new thing, and it was hard to explain to our people just what it meant. The value of this exhibit would have been very greatly enhanced if it could have been made more self-explanatory; with the exception of the material collected by the League for Social Service, and maps prepared by Dr. Jones, the labels of the photographs and charts were all in English and had not been translated into French, so that the pictures and charts were almost meaningless to the great majority of visitors, who had no knowledge of English.

The test of a successful exhibit is its ability to attract and hold the interest. An Exposition is nothing more than a great fair or show for the vast majority of visitors, who attend to be interested and possibly to gain new ideas. There is a

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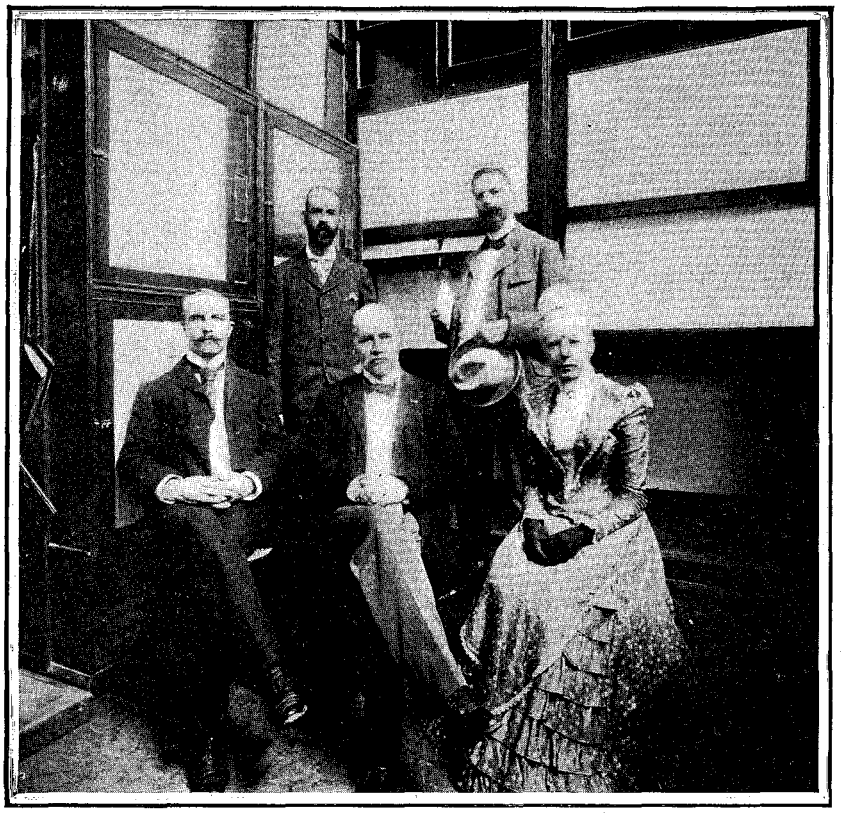

A GROUP OF SOCIAL ENGINEERS

In the center is Mr. J. C. Van Marcken, the proprietor of Agneta Park, in Delft—an industrial commonwealth of 1,500 employees. At his right and standing at the left are Mr. Eringaard and Mr. Willink, his assistants. Mrs. Van Marcken is at his left. Dr. Tolman, of New York, the author of this article, is the other standing figure.

certain amount of truth in the cynicism of a director of one of the approaching Expositions, who said: "Fifteen per cent. of the visitors will go to be amused, and the rest will go to criticise." Business men strive to make their exhibits attractive and interesting, well knowing the advertising value of these characteristics. In the same way, similar care should be shown in the Department of Social Economy, because each visitor whose attention is attracted and held means additional currency for a new idea or the adaptation of an old one, both large factors in social progress.

Ideas are always more important than things. The Palace of Social Economy was a storehouse of things as exhibited by the various nations in the lower part of the building, but upstairs were three large audience-halls for the sessions of the various congresses where ideas were exhibited and discussed. The personal contact with people from the very ends of the earth, who had come to attend these conferences, was a source of great inspiration and profit. There were upwards of one hundred and twenty-five of these congresses, dealing with Workmen's Insurance, Accident Prevention, Profit-Sharing, Co-operation, Workmen's Dwellings, Woman's Work, Colonization, Public and Private Charity, Commerce and Industry, etc. These conferences attracted the leading specialists of the world, and in themselves were almost worth the labor and expense of the Exposition.

Each international exhibition is a colossal undertaking in itself, but, once installed, it should be utilized to the utmost, and its influence should by no means terminate with the closing of the exhibition in question. It should constitute a working capital of experience that can be utilized by those that are to follow; thus there is every reason why the experience of Paris should be utilized by Glasgow, Buffalo, St. Petersburg, and St. Louis,

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and, best of all, improved on, because adapted to local conditions. At St. Louis there is a superb opportunity to give the world an object-lesson that shall make a large place for social economy.

While in Paris the writer was asked how a department of Social Economy could be made of concrete value and human interest for an International Exposition like that of St. Louis in 1903. He replied that such a task should be comparatively easy, with the experience of the Paris Exposition to follow. Each last Exposition ought to be the best, because showing the latest advances in social and industrial progress. From this view-point the Exposition is practically a school or text-book. In the first place, an exhibit in Social Economy should be one of careful exclusion, to include only such features as will prove of human interest and object-lesson value. Movements for industrial betterment that have outgrown the experimental stage and have become application stations should be selected as types. Each firm should be asked to furnish photographs of its distinctive features, models of its workingmen's houses, and certain definite statistical facts regarding the origin, growth, and development of the respective industries.

There should be one head to the department, and he should be unrestricted in the choice of his staff, who should be appointed for their knowledge of the subject and not for their politics. The director of the department should be a kind of editor—that is, he should determine the amount of explanatory material and not leave it to the individual exhibitor. For instance, to a large manufacturer who has made notable provisions for improved dwellings for his workmen, he would say: "Your work is of real value and fills an important place in our Exposition. By way of further interpretation, the department wishes, say, 750 words of descriptive matter. This description will be printed in pages of prescribed form, grade of paper, and type, for the sake of uniformity. This circular of your exhibit can be printed in editions of hundreds of thousands, if you desire, for each one will be in the nature of an advertisement." This individual description, when printed with the others, will form a catalogue of the entire exhibit.

IN THE RUSSIAN SECTION

Model of a Tea-House maintained by the Temperance Societies.

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For the foundation of the exhibit, reports, circulars of information, pamphlets, will be collected; these in turn will be interpreted by photographs, sufficiently labeled to tell their own story to the visitor but at the same time form a part of the exhibit as a whole. After the exhibit has been duly installed, this same material will afford opportunity for additional interpretation by means of lantern slides.

I feel quite certain that individual firms would supply these statistics, but in case of any unwillingness to do this, the Department of Social Economy should be in a position to pay for this material. If there could be an agreement among the various foreign representatives that such volumes should be prepared of uniform size and printing, they would have great value in showing scholars and students of the world at the close of the Exposition the sum total of industrial progress up to date. In this way the good to be accomplished by a great Exposition like that proposed at St. Louis would not terminate at its close, but would continue in its effect through the coming years.

How can the best results of an Exhibition be made permanent, so that its influence may continue? In Paris the Musée Social became the residuary legatee of the Social Economy of the exhibit of 1889, and because of this fact the Musée was the guiding spirit of the great Department of Social Economy at the Exposition of 1900. Jules Siegfried, the President of the Committee of Direction of the Musée, was the President of the section, while Messrs. Georges S. Picot, Emile Cheysson, Léon de Seilhac, le Comte de Rocquigny, André Lichtenberger, and Leopold Mobilleau took a prominent part.

Two years ago, in New York, the League for Social Service, under the presidency of Dr. Josiah Strong, taking the Musée Social as its model, but adapting its work to local needs, was organized with the object of social and industrial betterment. When, therefore, the United States Commission to the Paris Exposition was trying to secure material for an exhibit in Social Economy, it asked the League if it would undertake the collection and interpretation of such an exhibit. Its President and Secretary were made special agents. This recognition of the work of the League—only eight months old—was extremely gratifying, and it began at once to add to its store of material already in hand.

The League sent to Paris a type exhibit of what employers were doing to improve the conditions of their employees; the work of the institutional church, or religion at work; the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association, denominational work among the negroes, and municipal betterment. All this material will be returned to the League for Social Service, and will constitute the nucleus for its Museum of Social Economy. In addition, while the writer was in Paris he secured the promise of material from the representatives of Italy, Germany, Russia, and Roumania. He is returning to Paris in October, for the closing weeks of the Exposition, in order to secure the material from those countries, and supplement it by others.

The results of a great Exposition can be made permanent through a Museum of Social Economy, which will be closely analogous to the work of a commercial museum like that of Philadelphia. A Museum of Social Economy will be a new thing for the United States. One illustration: An employer is desirous of building one or more improved dwellings for his workmen. At such a museum as the League has already started, he can see photographs, plans, drawings, models, statistics of every phase of the subject as it has been worked out in the leading cities of the world, and the Director of the Museum can answer any question and support it by tangible proof. From such a storehouse of fact an employer can secure the very best results in the world, and then all he will need will be their adaptation to local conditions. This can be done for any other department of industrial betterment.

The League received the award of a grand prix at the Exposition, and this recognition by the International Jury places it in the front rank of institutions of public utility. From the practical character of its work in the United States, and with the start already made, there is no reason why the idea of a central bureau of information, with working models—in other words, the Social Museum—cannot be made of great value for this country.

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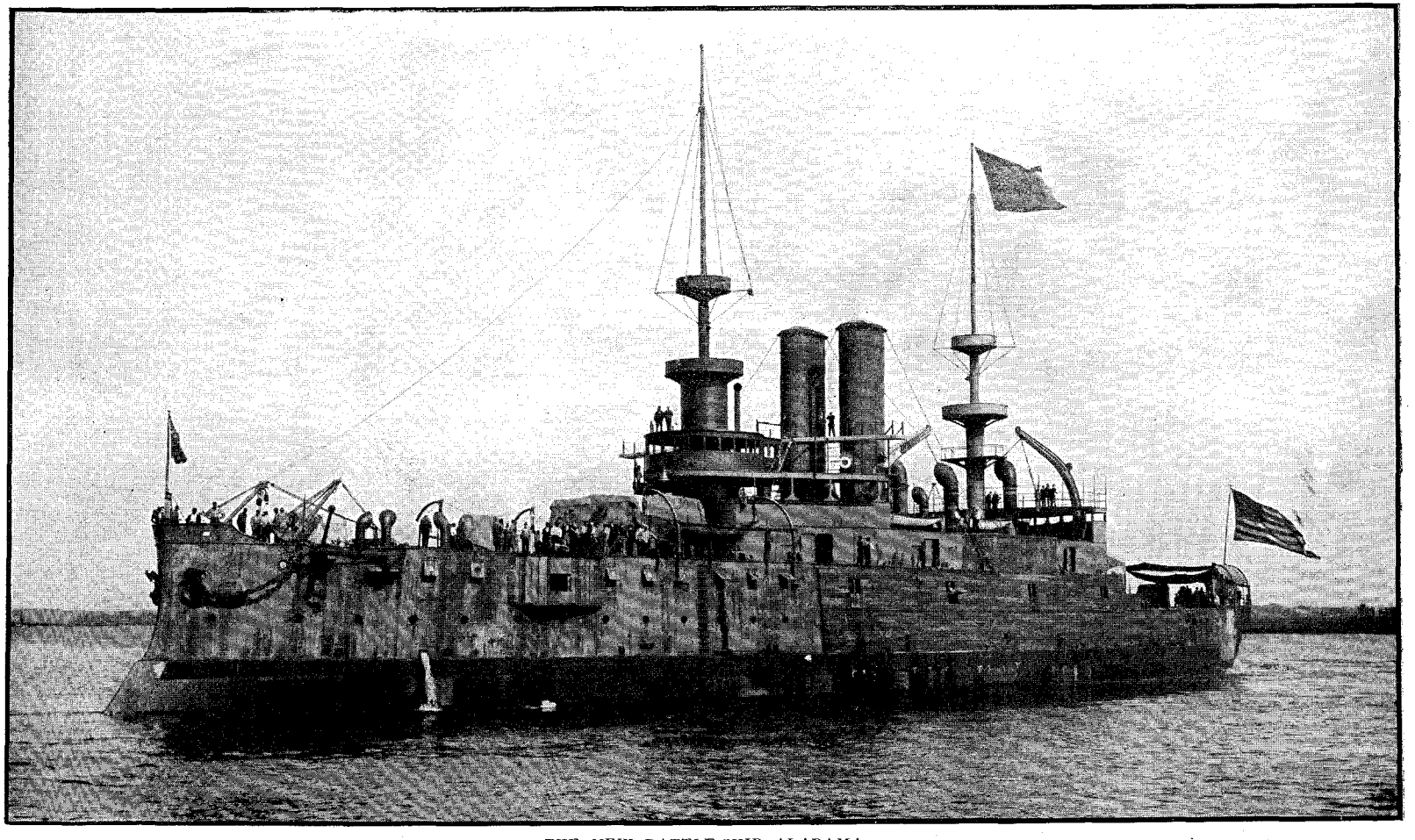

THE NEW BATTLE-SHIP ALABAMA

The largest, fastest, and best-armed battle-ship in the United States Navy.

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SIR GALAHAD

By G. F. Watts. Photograph by Hollyer.

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GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

By Cosmo Monkhouse

Author of "Contemporary British Artists," "Early Water-Color Painters," etc., etc.

ONCE again I have been asked to write about the poet-painter, Mr. George Frederick Watts, and, if I had any hesitation in complying with the suggestion, it was not for want of inclination; but if it is always a pleasure to speak of what we admire, it is not always easy to find fresh words. The subject may indeed be inexhaustible, but, alas! most writers' powers of expression are limited even with regard to so fruitful and delightful a subject as this great painter, and I am, I fear, no exception to the rule. Moreover, I could not help remembering that many pens more able and fertile than mine have analyzed and criticised the work of Watts for the benefit of the public, so that there is scarcely any point of his genius left undiscussed or unillustrated. But if there is little left to say about his genius and his works, it is not so, perhaps, with regard to his life and character. Doctors will always differ, of course, and art doctors no less than others, but there is a pretty general consent among authorities of different schools that Watts is a really great and original artist; nay, did not one of the most advanced of French critics announce not long ago that Watts's works had convinced him that painting might sometimes be used to express ideas and yet be worthy of the name of art? His works would not have been so noble if the man behind them had not been noble also, but, by many even of his warmest admirers as an artist, the beauty of his life is not, perhaps, so thoroughly appreciated as the beauty of his pictures. This life has been quiet and unobtrusive, but it has been spent in devotion to high ideals of patriotism as well as of art, without ostentation or self-advertisement. From very early in his career he seems to have prized his profession as an opportunity for the benefit of his country and his fellow-creatures rather than as a means of profit and reputation for himself. While as a young man he was still enjoying the never-failing friendship of Lord Holland at Florence and executing that series of sketches and portraits of the distinguished society of the Villa Careggi which form one of the greatest attractions of Holland House, he was also engaged on a great design for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. The subject of this was "King Alfred inciting the Saxons to resist the Landing of the Danes," and it gained a prize of £500 at the competition of oil paintings at Westminster Hall in 1847. Nor was this his first essay in the direction of mural painting of a national character, for he had already gained a prize of £300 for his cartoon of "Caractacus Led in Triumph through the Streets of Rome" at the competition of 1843.

No doubt at this time his ambition was stimulated by the great frescoes of Italy, and he, with other young artists, indulged in dreams of decorating the great public buildings of his own country with works which should rival the greatest of Italian painters, and make of the Houses of Parliament in particular a shrine of English art and a nursery of patriotic feeling. So far as he was concerned, these prize efforts of his ended in one commission only, the fresco of "St. George and the Dragon," which is now on the wall of the upper waiting-room of the Palace at Westminster. The picture of "King Alfred" is also in the "House" in one of the committee-rooms, it having been purchased by the Government for a small sum.

These successes were no doubt due to ambition as well as patriotism, to self-confidence as well as love of art, but Watts's ambition has been noble in its aims, and his self-confidence only such as cannot fail to accompany the consciousness of unusual gifts. If this self-confidence needed justification, it would be amply provided in what he has done, although all his early dreams may not have been altogether realized. Of how many can this be said? How many young men as

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ambitious and as self-confident as Watts have started in life with a programme of equally high endeavor, only to find, after years of as strenuous exertion, that their goal was unattainable and their energy misdirected?

Was there very much difference, for instance, between the aims of Watts and poor Benjamin Robert Haydon, a man who, his suicide notwithstanding, was surely one of the bravest souls that ever lived? He was not a great genius, but how was he to know *that* when he started in life with the strongest possible confidence in himself, and was for many years encouraged in his faith by devoted disciples and many men and women of light and leading? Watts was right; Haydon was wrong. Is that all that there is to say? Perhaps so from a moral point of view, both being made and conditioned as they were; and yet one stands forever as an example, the other as a warning. Let us admire Watts without throwing stones at Haydon, especially as it seems possible that Watts himself may have learnt not a little wisdom and restraint from Haydon's tumultuous career. If, however, we are not competent to be their moral judges, we may be permitted to examine a few of the differences between them. As Mr. Watts once said, Haydon's pictures were like himself; at least both were violent, and this assuredly Watts never was either in his life or in his art. Haydon was vainglorious, but this is an epithet no one would apply to Watts, although he is one of the most self-directed of men. Haydon had no patience, but Watts has known how to wait for the development of opportunity and his own gifts. One more contrast only, but this, from a practical point of view, is perhaps the most important of all. Watts, while retaining his passion for poetical composition, has not scorned portrait-painting as Haydon did. On the contrary, it has always seemed to him one of the noblest employments of the artistic faculty; and if no one had ever proved it before, his own portraits would be sufficient to do so. It may be added that fresh proof of the fact was needed when he commenced to paint, and that he has done more, perhaps, than any other painter of his generation to raise this branch of art to its proper level.

It is of poor Barry as well as poor Haydon that we are reminded when we see the noble fresco of "Justice" (forty feet high by forty-five feet long), painted by Watts on the north wall of the Hall of Lincoln's Inn, and think of the offer he made to cover, for the bare cost of scaffolding and colors, the walls of the great hall of the Railway Station at Euston with paintings illustrating the "Progress of Commerce." This great offer was refused, and with the refusal practically ended the vastest of Watts's dreams—*i.e.*, the vastest in conception; but, fortunately, no discouragement could touch the purity of his intentions or the nobility of his thoughts, and, if he could not cover acres of wall with heroic designs, he could employ his imagination on works which expressed the very best of him upon a smaller scale. It may even be contended that the very best of him could not have been known if he had spent his life in huge heroic compositions. At all events, we should have missed much that we prize—not least, the unparalleled series of portraits of great men.

Here I would speak only of the great qualities of these portraits as illustrating the great qualities of the man who drew them. The greatest of these, perhaps, is sympathy; sympathy not only with the character of his sitter, whoever he may be, but with the most varied and complicated elements—physical, moral, and intellectual—of the greatest men of his time, whether statesmen, philosophers, philanthropists, poets, soldiers, artists, or what not.

This determination to present the whole man, not only the aspect of him which appeals most to the painter's artistic faculty, or seems to afford the greatest opportunity to display his masterly skill, is evidence of a self-restraint which must exalt Watts's character as a man if not as an artist. The subordination of self to subject is not a common or a fashionable virtue in modern artists, though all do not carry the opposite principle into effect so thoroughly as the young man who once boasted to me that he had made a railway journey with some one he had painted a few weeks before and had not recognized him till his "subject" claimed acquaintance.

The desire of Watts to express the inner spirit of his conceptions is so strong that the technical quality of the workmanship

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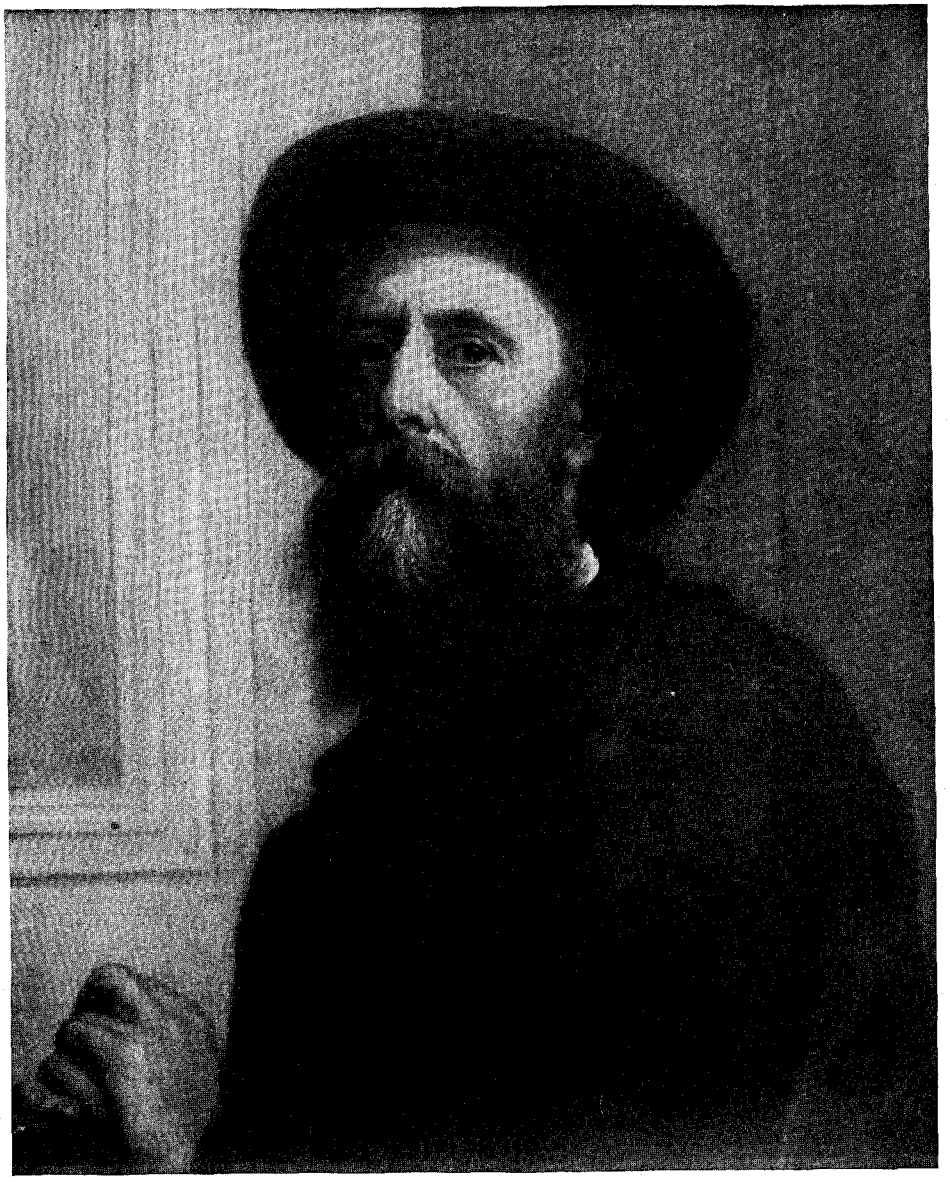

WATTS'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF

becomes a matter of minor concern; or, at least, would seem to do so, for on this subject he presents something of an enigma. He appreciates beauty of execution in the pictures of others, and is not blind to it in his own. He once pointed out to me a portion of his portrait of Panizzi as one of the finest pieces (I am not sure if it was not the very finest piece) of painting he had ever executed.

On another occasion, when I was praising the draughtsmanship of his exquisite chalk drawing of Lady Mount Temple, he said lightly, "There is no difficulty in *drawing*." Possibly he was thinking how much more difficult it was to imbue a work of art with the right feeling, and cared little to be lauded for what ought to be taken for granted as part of an artist's necessary equipment, and not made a subject of pride by the artist or of praise by others. There cannot, at all events, be any doubt that anything like an obvious

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display of professional accomplishment is distasteful to Watts. I told him one day that I had chosen as one of the illustrations of an article upon him a portrait of a little girl. I had chosen it for many reasons, but partly on account of its wonderful vivacity and winning beauty, and partly on account of the extraordinary skill in execution, every touch being clear and confident as a Gainsborough or a Sargent. To my surprise, he said, "I am sorry you chose that," and when I asked him why, he replied, with something like irritation, "Because it's dexterous, *and I hate dexterity.*"

In the history alike of Watts's life and of Watts's art there is nothing that is small. The record of great thoughts and great men has been his principal object, and love of humanity and his country the unfailing source of his energy.

At what time he first conceived the idea of painting his famous series of historic portraits I cannot say precisely, but if we take the Guizot of 1848 as about the earliest of them, he has spent more than half a century already in carrying it into execution, and it must number now about fifty portraits in all. Not the least notable fact about the portraits, especially in relation to the artist's character, is that he painted them for himself and not for others. He chose the sitters, not they their painter. They were painted for himself, at his own desire, and therefore, of course, without payment. Nor was it only the portraits that he may be said to have painted in the first instance for himself. One of the earliest and best of his poetical dreams, certainly in my opinion the finest of all treatments of its great subject, the "Paolo and Francesca," still hangs on the walls of that gallery (adjoining his London house) which has for so many years been open for the delight and enlightenment of the London public of all classes. That gallery, notwithstanding its owner has given away so many of his pictures in recent years, is still full of his own works in great variety; and it may be said generally that he has painted to give, and not to sell, though he will tell you with a smile that the money he has received for private portraits and other works has been very useful.

I have been told that his first intention was to leave to the nation the series of portraits of great Englishmen, as well as other pictures remaining in his possession at his death—a truly royal bequest of a life's labor. Nor is there any reason to suppose that he will not do so now; but his final legacy will be of much more modest dimensions than it would have been a few years ago. It would seem as though the patience of his generosity had been tired by his own longevity, and he has preferred to give to the nation in his lifetime a large proportion of the inheritance designed for it. The private munificence of others has of late years provided great national buildings to enshrine such treasures, and at the National Portrait Gallery in St. Martin's Place, and the National Gallery of British Art on the Thames Embankment, there are hung some forty-five in all of Watts's paintings—twenty-six portraits and nineteen pictures of his imagination, all, I think, except the "Psyche," which belongs to the Chantrey bequest, presented by himself. Did any painter ever make his nation so noble a present? and how many men are there who have labored so long and unselfishly for so great an aim?

To those who find selfishness in everything and everybody, it may be allowed that Watts has pursued a life very much in accordance with his own wishes, and is even while alive reaping a reward very much in accordance with his own seeking. Yet even they must admit that his selfishness has been "enlightened," and that he has been content to wait for his reward.

Is there any, can there be any, greater unselfishness than this? Perhaps; and I am not concerned to maintain that Mr. Watts is the most unselfish soul that ever lived; but that he is capable of considerable sacrifices in a great cause may, I think, be allowed by all. That his self-sacrifice is not quite unlimited he would himself admit, for he told me one day that he had been dreaming (either awake or asleep) of a visit by an angel, who promised him that he should complete the most wonderful series of pictures that had ever been painted, a series which should have an extraordinary influence for good on the future of the human race; but there was a condition attached—the painter's name should never be known. "I think," said Mr. Watts, "that I could have accepted that condition for the sake of humanity;

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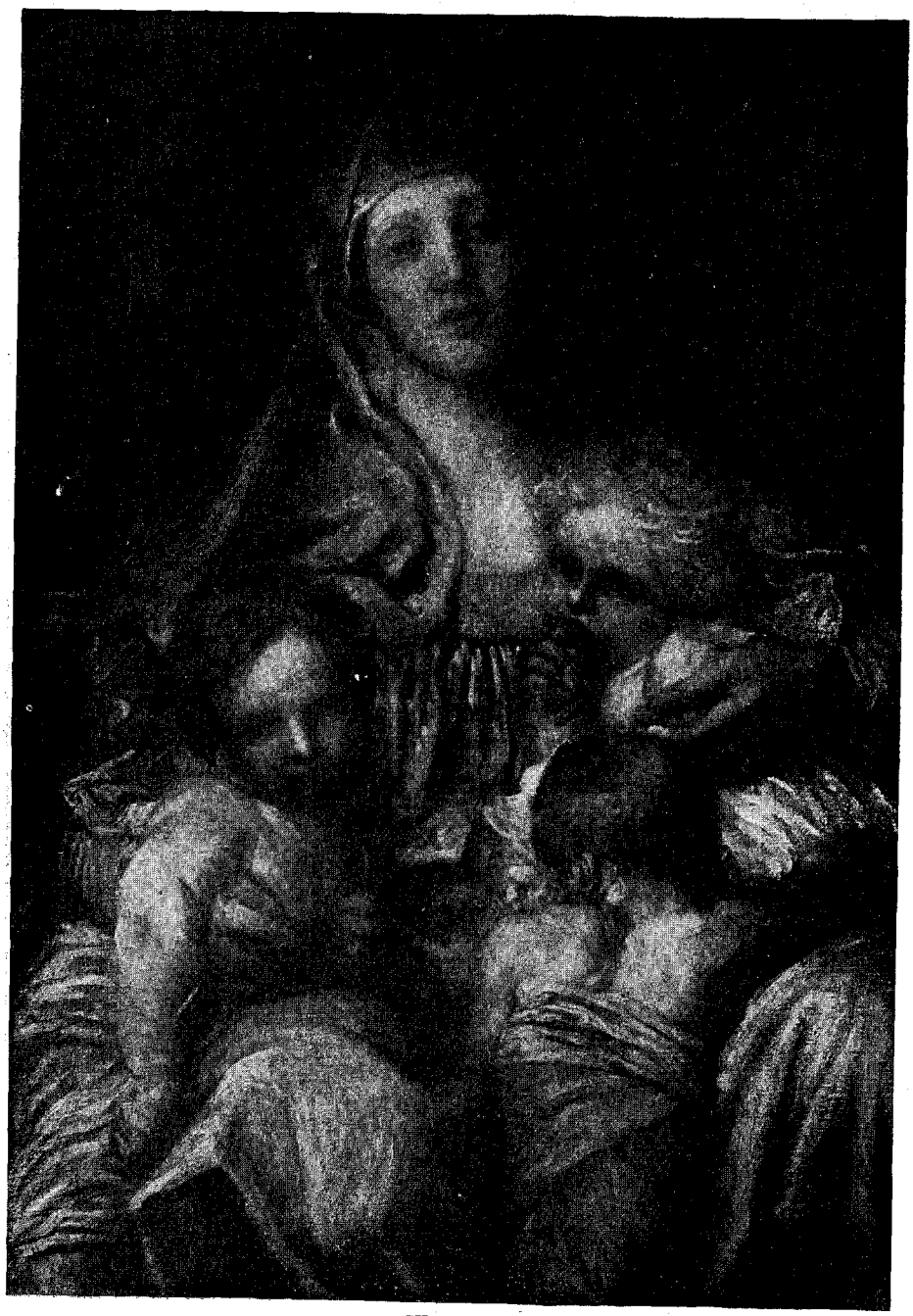

CHARITY
By George Frederick Watts.

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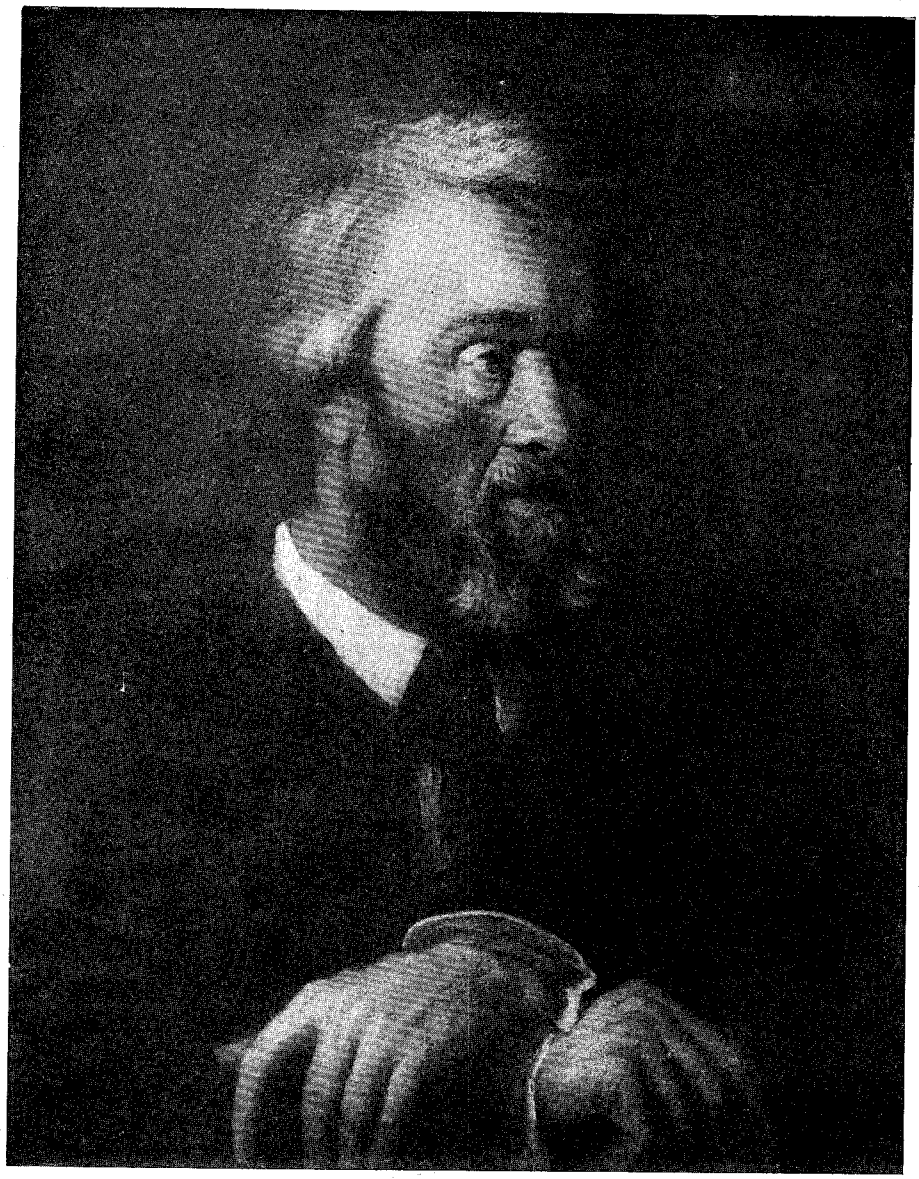

WATTS'S PORTRAIT OF CARLYLE

but if the angel had said that the pictures should be attributed to —— [naming a popular painter of commonplace sentiment], I don't think I could."

At all events, the nation is proud, not only of the artist, but of the man who has done so much to raise the level of artistic work and artistic endeavor. As I said before, he has had to wait for his reward. He did not take the public by storm. His reputation, as a portrait-painter even, was attained only by degrees, while his moral allegories and poetical dreams were still longer in obtaining recognition. Now, however, there is scarcely anything he touches which is not received with something more than a common welcome, whether it be a portrait like that of Mr. Walter Crane, a landscape like the glorious vision of the light and color of a Scotch lake which is now on the walls of the New Gallery, or a vision of the flushed sleep of a rosy Cupid that lately hung on the walls of the Guildhall Gallery. Nor among his earlier pictures is it only the most obviously attractive which arrest the

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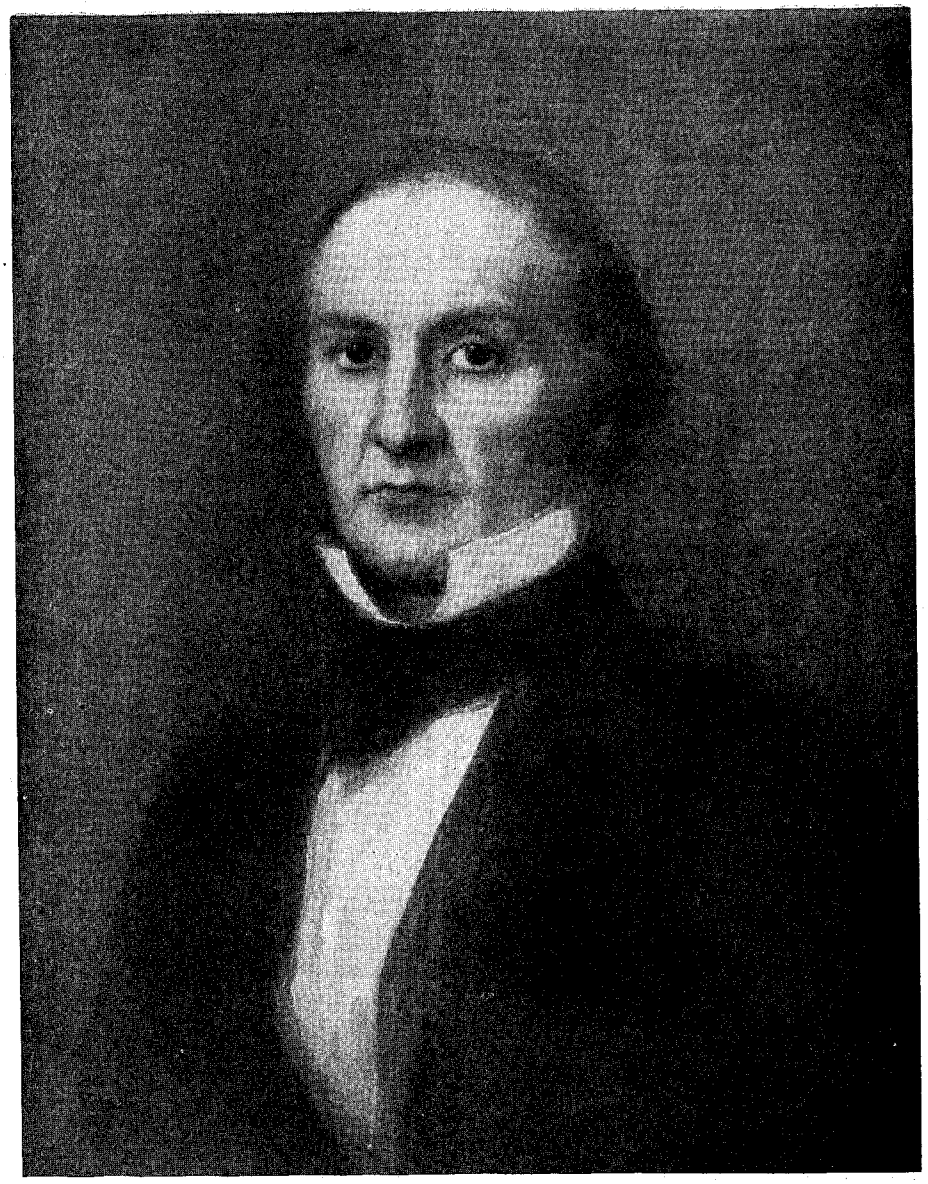

WATTS'S PORTRAIT OF GLADSTONE

interest of the visitor to the Tate Gallery. Not only the "Love and Death," the "Psyche," the "Faith," the "Hope," the "Love and Life," but the frantic "Jonah," the terrible "Minotaur," the solemn still life of "Sic Transit," and the amorphous confusion of "Chaos" hold the attention, for behind all these things are seen the eyes of a great, pure, simple soul recording its visions of human life in the past, the present, and the future.

Yet this is the artist of whom Palgrave wrote, in connection with a picture of a girl's head ("Choosing") in the Academy of 1864, that his genius really lay in the direction of refinement, grace, and fancy, "not force, thought, imagination;" adding that "It is his work in the latter manner which will, at any rate, be preferred by all the world to his attempts in the *terribile via* of life-size allegories." And of his portraits Ruskin wrote in 1875, "Mr. Watts's portraits are all conscientious and subtle, and of great present interest, yet not realistic enough to last." These criticisms were quoted as representing current

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criticism in a "Dictionary of Artists of the Nineteenth Century," published in 1879, or when Watts was sixty-two years of age.

Even his fellows in art do not seem to have been in a hurry to recognize Watts's real power, as it was not till 1867, when the artist was fifty years of age, that they elected him as an Associate of the Royal Academy.

It was only the other day that I saw the grand old artist—grand even in presence, despite his small stature and gentle ways. He was in his own charming garden at Little Holland House, and surrounded by admiring and loving friends. He said that they had spoiled him, and that he had always been spoilt; but perhaps he has had no better friend than Time, who has given him room to develop his powers and assure his reputation. Though eighty-three years old, he still works on with the ardor almost of youth, now bringing a little nearer to completion one of those many pictures which are in progress and wait sometimes for years before they receive their finishing touches, now striking out some altogether fresh conception. He rises and commences his work early. Lately he has been much engaged in sculpture. When at Limner's Lease, his pleasant country house in a valley near Guildford, Surrey, where he retreats from the winter fogs of London, he has been working on a statue of Lord Tennyson; when in London recently, much of his time has been spent on that colossal equestrian statue of Physical Energy which was commenced I do not know how many years ago, and of the completion of which everybody has despaired except the artist himself.

It is the figure of a naked man upon a barebacked horse. The horse is a powerful beast with magnificent head and neck, still showing the fiery spirit which has been brought into subjection by its rider. He, leaning backward, is shading his eyes with one hand as if searching the horizon. "It is Physical Energy," insists the artist. "*Physical*, not *Vital*, Energy, as some writers have foolishly said [I am afraid I am one of these foolish persons], for all Energy is Vital. It is the great, irresistible, never-satisfied Force which conquers all. He has conquered the horse, but he is searching the world for something else to subdue."

"It is a magnificent creature, that horse," said I. "Oh," replied the artist, "the horse is nothing; the man is everything. I thought first to model him on the Elgin Theseus; but when I got Theseus on the horse, I found he would not do at all. His legs were not long enough. It is not much like a horse, I am told; I am not sure that it is much like a man. But none of my things are quite like nature. They are dreams. But I think it is Greek."

It is much to the credit of the British Government that some little while ago they offered to give a splendid site for this noble work near the Serpentine, where its grand design would be seen to the greatest advantage. They offered also to pay for the casting of it. The latter suggestion was not, however, in accordance with the generous intentions of the artist, and the offer has remained in abeyance. The best that can be hoped is (and the work has lately been so much forwarded towards completion that the hope may be entertained with some confidence) that the statue will be completed and cast by its designer, and that the Government will renew its offer of the site. So a work which may be said to represent the essence of Watts's genius, and is of its kind unsurpassed, may yet prove a permanent record of that genius, and one of the noblest ornaments of the metropolis.

As I turned from this colossus, which, huge as it is, seemed capable of motion as light as air and as swift as flame, to the small human figure by my side with the kind, keen eyes and Titianesque head, I could not help thinking that there were other Energies more strong, more victorious, than the Physical. That fragile frame contained the maker of this great group, the composer of a hundred soul-moving pictures, the transmitter to posterity of the outward form and inward spirit of I know not how many of the greatest and noblest of his fellow-creatures, the supporter, not with his brush, but with his purse, of many schemes for the benefit of his race, the sustainer by a magnificent contribution of the Home Industries Movement in England, and, to say no more, the raiser of a shelter for the street workers in the city of London, on the walls of which are recorded the heroic deeds of the poor.

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CHIEF JUSTICE JOHN MARSHALL

This was used by Story when modeling his statue for the Capitol at Washington.

The Last of the Silhouettists

By Charles Henry Hart

THE scientific etymologist, accustomed to read the true meaning of words by their derivation or to study out their corruptions, would have a sorry puzzle should he tackle our title noun. Such influence has the power of ridicule in France that it is from this source alone that the word *silhouette* has become attached to all sharply defined outlines of the round, with a flat, opaque surface; and consequently it is without a derivative root. It is a local slang that has fastened itself upon the tongue of civilized Europe, and although it had its birth only in the middle of the last century, it has been retroactive in its application, so that this form of art, the earliest extant type of pictoriology, that which we find upon Etruscan pottery and Egyptian mummy-cases, is to-day generically described as *silhouette*.

It surely seems absurd, when seriously considered, that a mere slur upon a French Cabinet Minister should be permitted to dominate centuries and insinuate itself into current language as a good word. But for this circumstance, however, the name of Étienne de Silhouette, the economical financial Minister of Louis XV., would be hopelessly forgotten.

Madame Pompadour, when in the zenith of her power, introduced the rage for flat profile portraits in black upon a white ground. They were the fashion of the hour. Easily made by casting a shadow with a lamp, every one was engaged in

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the operation, and soon they struck the popular taste and popular pocket, and profiles *à la Pompadour* flooded France. Her decline was followed by the ascendency of Monsieur de Silhouette, who became an object of derision and ridicule on account of his parsimony and rigid system of retrenchment, so that everything cheap, mean, or shabby was dubbed *à la Silhouette*. The flat profiles, from their inexpensiveness, came under the ban; and thus they have served to keep alive the name of a Minister of Finance which otherwise would have gone down into deserved obscurity.

The earliest silhouettes—that is, black profile likenesses on white ground—that were commercially made in this country, so far as I know, were the famous ones cut at Charles Willson Peale's museum in Philadelphia, more than a century ago. They were executed by an adroitly conceived machine, which traced the profile with mathematical accuracy, similar to the physiognotrace, and cut it about three inches long out of the center of a sheet of white paper. All the distinguished men and women of the day flocked to the museum to have their faces cut, and in "McClure's Magazine" for February, 1897, will be found the most important one of them all, the Peale Museum silhouette likeness of General George Washington.

BISHOP WHITE, OF PENNSYLVANIA
The first duly consecrated Protestant Episcopal Bishop of America.

Without intending to trace the history of the art in this country, mention must be made of two famous profile-cutters who followed their vocation here; one, William James Hubard, famous as a youthful prodigy, and the other, Augustin Edouart, famous for the skill he exhibited in his work.

Hubard was English born, and landed in New York, a youth of seventeen, within a few days of Lafayette's arrival, in 1824. He was under "management," and, although before the days of Barnum advertising, was very adroitly put forward in the newspapers. Wherever he went a "Hubard Gallery" was opened, where, for the admission of "fifty cents," the visitor was "entitled to see the exhibition, hear the concert, and obtain a correct likeness by Master Hubard, cut with common scissors in a few seconds, without the aid of drawing or machine." There was also sold, for "six and a quarter cents," a memoir of Master Hubard, with a key to the cuttings. This chapbook, which makes Master Hubard three years more juvenile than he really was, tells us that he made his début at Ramsgate in September, 1822, and attracted the attention of the Duchess of Kent, who was at Townley House; that he took portraits of all the household, which, with "the little Princess Victoria, the future Queen of England, are in the gallery, and attract attention as the earliest productions of Master Hubard." He visited Glasgow just before coming to America, when the members of the Philosophical Society, at the instance of George Combe, the phrenologist, presented him with a silver palette, now in the possession of his daughter, the wife of the Rev. John J. Lloyd, of Lynchburg, Va. It is inscribed: "Presented to Master James Hubard by admirers of his genius in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, February 14, 1824." This was accompanied by an address: "The lovers of the Fine Arts in Glasgow, recognizing in your productions the strong impress of genius, have the highest gratification in presenting you with this Palatte, which they trust will incite you to improve your powers so as ultimately to become a distinguished artist."

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From New York Hubard was taken to Boston, and thence to Philadelphia, where he exhibited silhouettes at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1826, 1827, and 1828—a pretty good evidence of their merit. Dunlap, the censorious, says: "He was brought to this country a boy by some persons who made money by his ingenuity as cutter of profiles in paper, at which he was uncommonly clever." While in Boston Hubard was emulated to higher walks in art by a sight of the works of Stuart, and in Philadelphia, under Sully's guidance, essayed oil-painting, exhibiting a portrait at the Academy in 1829. From this time on Hubard ceased his early vocation, and became known as an adept painter of small whole-length portraits in cabinet size. He migrated to Baltimore and thence to Richmond, where he died February 15, 1862, from the explosion of a shell he was filling with a compound he had concocted for the use of the Confederacy. But few of his silhouettes are known, although many doubtless exist unidentified as of his authorship.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE
As he appeared when embarking for Russia in 1830.

We do not know if Hubard's success in England led Edouart, who was born in France in 1788 and found refuge in London in 1815, to take to silhouette-cutting as a profession, but it was the year following Hubard's emigration to this country that Edouart began his career. In 1835 he published a modest volume entitled "A Treatise on Silhouette Likenesses by Monsieur Edouart, Silhouettist to the French Royal Family, and patronised by His Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester, and the principal Nobility of England, Scotland, and Ireland." This book I have not been able to find in any public collection, and the only copy I know is owned by the author's son, the Rev. Augustin Gaspard Edouart, of Nyanza Villa, Grange Park, Ealing, England. Some idea can be formed of Edouart's success and the prevalence of the mania for these black profiles from the fact that in the ten years preceding the publication of his book Edouart cut more than fifty thousand portraits.

In 1838 he came to the United States, where he remained nine years, cutting innumerable silhouette likenesses, some of which he grouped into compositions of domestic life, with elaborate lithograph backgrounds. He preserved a duplicate of every portrait he took, which he pasted into large books, writing the necessary information for identification and reference. These books would be invaluable to-day, containing portraits of "numerous somebodies among innumerable nobodies," but, unfortunately, only a few damaged volumes, from about fifty perfect ones, survive. On Edouart's return voyage from America, in 1847, he was shipwrecked off the island of Guernsey, and his entire collection went to the bottom of the sea, only a few volumes being recovered, and those badly injured by the salt water. The loss so preyed upon his mind that he gave up cutting silhouettes, returned to his native France, and died at Guinnes, near Calais, December 14, 1861. He was surely a man of great ability in his line, putting the characteristics of the individual into his likenesses, which quality is the ruling one in the work of the last of the silhouettists, William Henry Brown.

In the summer of 1874 the writer sought rest on the tableland of the ridge of mountains where is now built the flourishing town of Kane, Pennsylvania. The air was delightful, the trout-streams attractive, the deer-licks not dangerous, and

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DR. THOMAS COOPER

A celebrated chemist of South Carolina; the friend of Priestley.

the gas-wells wonderful. It was essentially a quiet place, where ennui dwelt securely and came nigh to being overwhelming but for a man considerably past middle life who loomed up as one of the characters of the scant settlement. He was of fair height and massive frame, but these failed to conceal the unusual magnitude of his head, which put to shame Daniel Webster's famous "size 8" hat. One feature of his face was noticeable to even an ordinary observer, and that was the abnormally wide distance between his two eyes, which was, as he said, his one point of resemblance to George Washington. Upon making his acquaintance I found him a most companionable and interesting man, for he was William Henry Brown, the last of the silhouettists.

William Henry Brown was born in Charleston, South Carolina, May 22, 1808, and died in the city of his birth September 16, 1883. His parents were Quakers of Abbeville, S. C., and he was the fifth of twelve children. He early showed his inclination for the work in which he was destined to make his mark, and in his sixteenth year produced his first important silhouette, a likeness of Lafayette, cut when that distinguished Frenchman paid his farewell visit to this land. His last notable portrait (which, however, distinctly shows the decadence of his powers) was a profile of President Lincoln cut at Washington about the time of the first inauguration. Besides portraits he cut elaborate historical compositions, two of which were widely known for many years without their author being so well known, one incorrectly called the first locomotive and train of cars run in the United States, and the other the funeral cortège of John C. Calhoun. In the days of the old volunteer fire companies it was their ambition all over the land to be cut by Brown, and the "boss one" for size, cut in St. Louis, was twenty-five feet long, and contained an engine, two hose-carriages, and sixty-five members, each being a veritable likeness. He was

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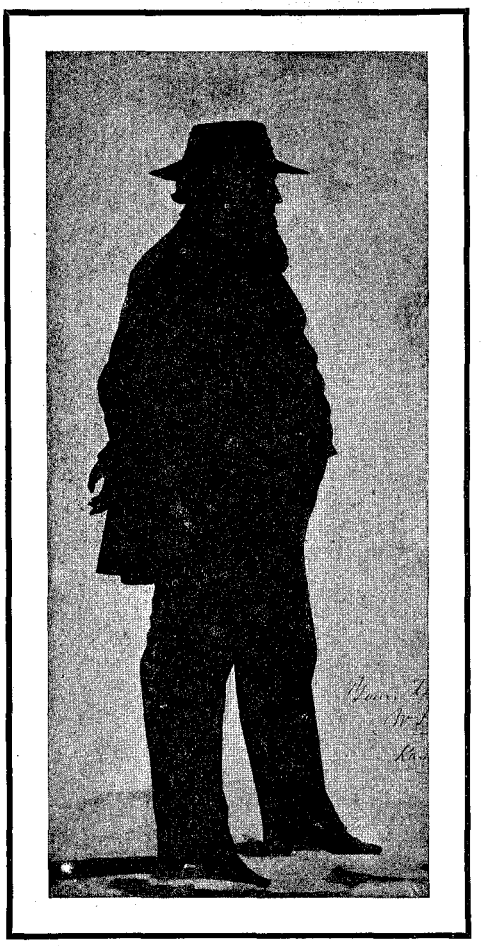
also very clever at cutting ships under sail, cleaving the billows or becalmed, tossed on the stormy wave-crests or riding securely at anchor. In these designs the delineation of the varied motions was executed with uncommon skill.

Brown possessed in a noted degree the gift of memory, and was a fluent and agreeable talker: indeed, he was such a charming conversationalist that he was admitted into close companionship with the prominent men of his day, most of whom were cut by him; and his reminiscences were highly entertaining. Brown's most remarkable trait, not known to have been possessed by any other follower of the art of silhouette-cutting, was his marvelous faculty of memorizing forms and faces, so that a single glance of the eye, a veritable snap-shot, was sufficient to photograph upon his brain any object presented to him. He was thus enabled not only to cut silhouette likenesses unknown to the subject and without a "sitting," but to repeat and reproduce them years afterward with absolute accuracy.

For several years Brown carried on a lucrative business in the practice of his interesting profession, and during that time visited all the principal cities of the Union. His first object on visiting a new place was to notice prominent and well-known citizens as they walked upon the streets, and from his mental photograph to reproduce their likenesses in black paper, which would be exhibited to the surprise and wonderment of the subjects and their friends. Success was sure to attend such exhibitions, and Brown accumulated money easily and rapidly, and



WILLIAM H. BROWN

The silouettist, by himself, 1874. Owned by the author.

LAFAYETTE

Taken in Philadelphia, September, 1824.

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ANDREW JACKSON
Taken in Washington in 1829.

spent it in the same way, so that he was often penniless. He was gifted but improvident—qualities that seem to be not seldom complementary to each other.

It was Brown's rare power in catching the individual characteristic of his subject that made his likenesses "recognizable at a glance," as Daniel Webster wrote to him, adding, "My friends unite in saying that the one you took of myself is a striking likeness. I cannot, however, see its resemblance to the original, as I do in all the others. It is an old and very true saying 'that if we could see ourselves as others see us,' etc." Concerning the likeness of his old antagonist, John Randolph, Henry Clay wrote to Brown: "It is the very perfection of your art." And Calhoun says: "I take pleasure in bearing testimony to your great aptitude in taking likenesses in your way, and the fidelity with which they are executed." The results indorsed by these three great leaders were gained with no other contrivance than a pair of small scissors and a piece of black paper; for while Brown was so facile with this housewife's implement, he had no command of the pencil or the brush.

The common introduction of the camera put an end to the silhouettists' occupation, and in 1859 Brown gave up this pursuit and entered into the employ of the Hunt-

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT

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ington and Broad Top Railroad, in Pennsylvania. While in this position his attention was called to a reproduction of his cutting of many years before entitled "The First Steam Train of Cars in America;" and he at once went to work to gather material to refute the commonly accepted dogma that the first locomotive and train of cars were of home manufacture and run in New York on the Mohawk and Hudson Railway, August 9, 1831. This resulted in his "History of the First Locomotives in America," which was published by Appleton in 1874, and in which Brown shows that the first locomotive in America was the "Stourbridge Lion," imported from England by the Delaware and Hudson Canal, and put upon its road at Honesdale, August 8, 1829; and that the "Best Friend" was the first locomotive built in this country, at Kemble's West Point foundry, for the South Carolina Railroad, and first used there January 15, 1831.

This important book was Brown's second literary venture, for in 1844 he published at Hartford, with lithographs by Kellogg, "Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Men," nearly the entire edition of which was destroyed by fire, so that copies are rarely to be met with. It consisted of reproductions of his silhouettes and facsimile letters from the subjects, certifying to their satisfaction with their own and their neighbors' likenesses.

In the revolution of time and fashion, black profile likenesses *à la silhouette* are again coming to the fore; only now their old enemy, the camera, is doing the work of the scissors.

The Background Group

By Richard Burton

The crowd huzzas, the music madly plays;
'Tis meet, for, lo! it is the day of days.
The home-returning heroes come: a cry
Of welcome should be lifted to the sky
And flowers strew the people-trampled ways.

The drums beat martially; with rhythmic beat
The steps resound along the gaping street.
Hark, what acclaims! And how the folk do press
To see, to touch, may be, the very dress
Of those who dared the death, when Life is sweet!

But stay! where joy is general, where the sound
Of jubilant voices rends the air around,
Why is yon group so silent in its place,
With war's impassioned image face to face?
Wherefore those eyes cast nunlike on the ground?

Who are these hangers-back, these dark-robed ones?
They are the mothers who are reft of sons;
The wives whose dearest lie all uncaressed
Afar, with vital stains on brow or breast;
The children orphaned at the mouths of guns.

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THE CHISHOLM HOME AT ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO

When first irrigated this was the farthest town from a railroad in the United States.

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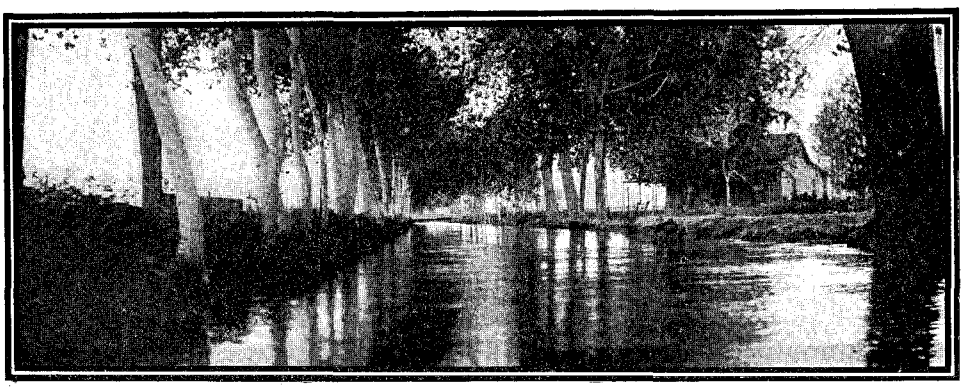

CANAL AT MESA, ARIZONA

Problems of the Arid Region

By Elwood Mead

THE civilization of arid America is the gift of streams. Their use in irrigation has opened markets for Eastern factories, stimulated the erection of Western ones, promoted mining, built cities like Los Angeles and Salt Lake, made profitable the railways which unite the two extremes of the continent, and made attractive homes for over two million souls. A region once given over to the nomadic range live-stock business is being dotted with cities and rural homes.

The land reclaimed has an aggregate area greater than the State of New York. From being originally without value, a single section, devoted to fruit-raising, has sold for over a half-million dollars. Irrigation has so increased the productive capacity of land in Utah that the farm unit is twenty acres. This supports a settler and his family in more than ordinary comfort. A township of the same land would not produce enough to keep this settler from starving if compelled to cultivate it in its original condition.

All this is the result of using a resource which for centuries has run unchecked to the sea. Instead of these fertile valleys continuing to parch and burn under the cloudless, rainless summer skies of this region, they are being moistened by water drawn from every available source. It is taken from rivulets and creeks in the hills and the great rivers of the plains. It is pumped from wells and drawn from basins where stored. Over $100,000,000 (some estimates make it twice this sum) has been expended in digging ditches and canals to distribute it, and a new branch of engineering in this country has been created. An army of men are employed to regulate the head-gates of the main canals and to turn on or shut off the water at the margins of farmers' fields. Thousands of weary miles are traveled every day by the men who patrol ditch banks to watch for leaks and prevent accidents, or to labor day and night without ceasing when breaks do occur, to repair the injury before disaster and ruin overwhelm the irrigators whose fields await the interrupted supply.

In a country where streams must be destroyed in order that people may live, the common-law doctrine of riparian rights, so universally recognized in all the States of the Atlantic seaboard and Mississippi Valley, has no place. The necessities of climate are inexorable. Where crops cannot be grown by rainfall alone, to insist that streams shall continue to flow "undiminished in quantity" is to condemn the lands along their banks to perpetual barrenness. This is so contrary to common sense that, with or without laws, streams are being "appropriated," diverted, and used.

A commerce in water of immense and constantly growing importance has been created. Lawyers and judges are struggling with the complex legal problems growing out of stream ownership where

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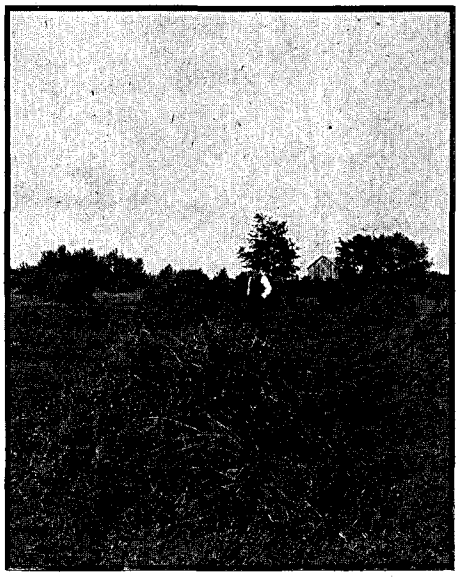
"appropriations" are regulated by statute, and the still worse complications which exist where the retention of riparian rights has been attempted.

It is impossible for those who live where fields are watered from the clouds to appreciate the significance of a "water right" where moisture comes from streams. Many rivers are the arteries which supply the life-blood to important and widely separated districts. A peaceable and just distribution of their flow requires the harmonizing of the diverse and conflicting interests of individuals, communities, and even of States. Some of these rivers extend for hundreds of miles, and control the destinies of a multitude of people.

Humboldt River rises in the mountains of eastern Nevada, and loses itself in Humboldt Lake near the western border of the State. The oldest settlement is at Lovelocks, near the lower end of the river. The farms, which are exceedingly productive and valuable, depend on a water supply which comes from mountains three hundred miles away. Bordering on the upper part of the river is a hundred times as much irrigable land as the stream can serve. The owners of this land want the water, and there is no law to regulate their taking it. Already scores of ditches above are diverting the supply formerly used below. The farmer at Lovelocks realized that the water he needs is being taken away from him in ditches built long after his farm was brought under cultivation, but what is he to do? Shall he assert his prior right to the river and close the ditches which are diverting its flow? If at daylight he got on the fastest railroad train which passes his farm and rode until dark, he would still be miles below some of the head-gates. If he closed the upper ones, there are scores of others scattered along the willow-bordered banks of the river waiting to absorb the augmented flow. The individual user on such a stream is helpless. Only just public control and administrative ability of high order will serve to make secure the multitude of rights to the water of a river used in irrigation. Where this is lacking, it often happens that irrigated fields at the head of a stream are flooded, while those far down are parched with drought, injurious waste above causing destructive scarcity below.



AN ALFALFA FIELD
Showing the result of irrigation.

It is now manifest that the first step in Western settlement should have been the measurement of streams and the inauguration of a system for the recording and protecting of rights to their use as complete in its operation as the existing system for the disposal of public land. Canals should have been built according to a prearranged plan, in order to conserve the water supply and secure the cultivation of the best land; and where there were enough ditches to absorb the supply, further construction should have been prevented, both as a protection to those ignorant of the situation and as the surest means of preventing controversies. Every ditch in excess of the capacity of a stream means one of two things: either a loss to its owners from lack of water to fill it, or its flooding at the expense of the earlier ditches. Every excess right means a fraud on its holders or the robbing of earlier ones. Nothing resembling this has been attempted. At the outset the whole subject was neglected, because its importance was not appreciated. Irrigation was an experiment. No one dreamed that millions of people were to fill these valleys. The early users of water were bitterly hostile to any sort of legislation. They maintained that water was as free as air, and that to require them to incur any expense in recording their diversion

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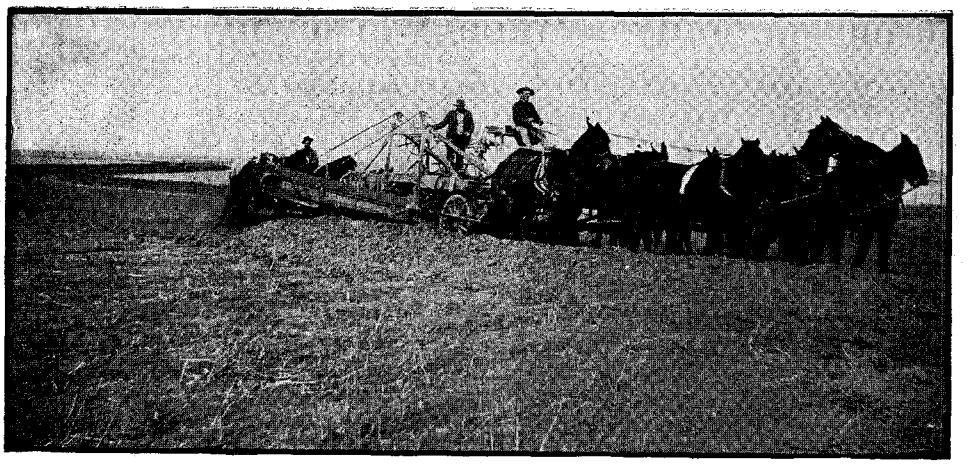

DIGGING AN IRRIGATION CANAL IN NEBRASKA

of it was as unwarranted an exercise of arbitrary authority as to place a tax on breathing. They were deaf to the warning that there was more land than water, that the time was coming when there would be more ditches than the streams could fill and more acres under cultivation than could be supplied. So long as streams had a surplus, and every ditch-owner was taking what he pleased and as he pleased, one right was as good as another, and "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" was the motto of irrigators who were almost a unit in opposing adequate irrigation legislation.

The march of settlement has brought with it the results which thoughtful minds had foreseen. Communities have multiplied; the single ditch has become a score of canals, on some streams a hundred or more, while on rivers like the Platte they are numbered by the thousands. Later comers, foreseeing the impending scarcity, avoid the valleys, and place their headgates in the hills to be nearer the source of supply. The early irrigator, who once had all, now often finds himself with nothing, and too often attempts to secure his rights by a war on those above with shotgun or shovel. When this fails, relief is sought in the courts. As a result, water-right litigation has been one of the most costly, most senseless, most injurious features of our past irrigation history. It has enriched lawyers, impoverished and discouraged investors, promoted discord between neighbors, and jealousy and strife between communities and States. The determination of the simplest physical facts, as well as questions of engineering and agriculture which can be rightly settled only by men familiar with those

THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN IRRIGATION CANAL

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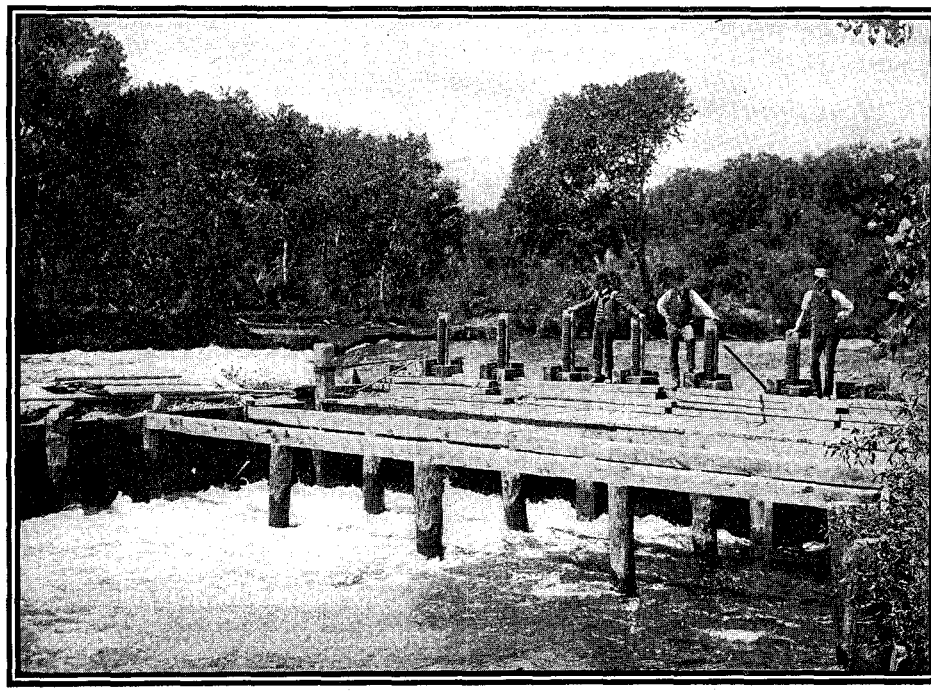
subjects, have been wrangled over in court by attorneys fresh from the East, and decided by judges who lack the practical knowledge of the volume of water to be acquired, of the amount needed to irrigate an acre, and of the methods by which it has to be distributed and used.

When all the streams of the arid region which can be utilized shall be turned into ditches and canals, and from these ditches distributed with the utmost economy over the soil, only a small fraction of the irrigable land will have been reclaimed. By far the greater part must always remain arid and of little value. Along nearly every stream there will be tracts of irrigated and unirrigated land side by side, both equally fertile, having the same climate, the same advantages save one. One tract will have a right to the stream; the other will be denied this. Mark the difference. The irrigated tract will be immensely productive, and with a value equal to or surpassing that of farming land in regions of ample rainfall. The tract without water can be used only for pasturage purposes, and its rental value will scarcely suffice to pay taxes. An acre of fruit land in southern California with a water right attached is worth $500. An acre of the same kind of land alongside of it, but without a water right, is not worth fifty cents. Control of the water supply, therefore, gives control of land values. It can make arid land blossom, or destroy the farms reclaimed. Property rights in streams are, therefore, of immense value both to those who are already using water and to those who desire to sell to others. Their cash value in a single State is over $75,000,000, while the prospective value is immensely greater. This, it must be remembered, does not include canals or ditches, but simply the property rights in the snows and rains which fill the streams.

No general statement will serve to describe the methods by which water rights are established, because in only three States—Colorado, Wyoming, and Nebraska—is there anything resembling a systematic procedure. In the other States any one who wishes to acquire a right to a stream proceeds about as he pleases to divert and use it until he interferes with its use by some one else, or until some one interferes with him. Even in States like Utah and California, where water is of greatest value, there is no tribunal to which irrigators can go for a



HEAD-GATE OF LARIMER AND WELD CANAL
Poudre Valley, Colorado.

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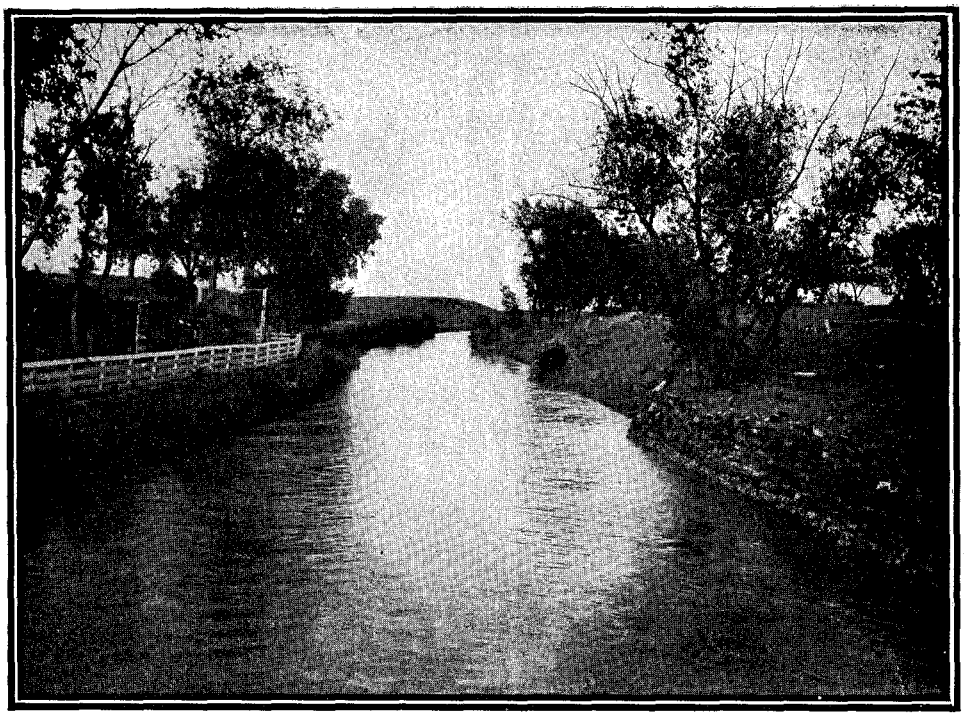

AMITY CANAL, ARKANSAS VALLEY, COLORADO

simple, inexpensive, and final determination of their relative rights to a stream, or for protection of those rights when once established. Sooner or later, therefore, the extension of the irrigated area leads to a lawsuit. This may take the form of a proceeding to quiet titles, an injunction against a rival ditch or canal, or a suit for damages for interfering with vested rights. It seldom if ever happens that the first suit includes all the appropriators on a stream. Usually one ditch-owner brings suit against a neighboring one above near enough to be seen. There may be scores of others fifty or one hundred miles away equally responsible for the shortage, but they are out of sight and are ignored. Meantime, no matter what the result of this litigation, the use of the stream is constantly being extended. There will be parched fields under other ditches, and other suits are instituted. Sometimes all the irrigators of one community will unite against a district above or below; and in one way or another the legal warfare over water rights goes on with little interruption. Where the number of these rights runs into the thousands, as they do on many rivers, the opportunities for controversy are simply unending. The same issues are fought over and over again, the precedents in one case being overturned in another, and the result, instead of promoting a just and final settlement, too often makes it almost impossible. Along some rivers assessments for meeting the expenses of lawsuits over water rights are levied against the shareholders of ditches as regularly as those for keeping the banks in repair. A volume could be filled with examples of the waste, uncertainty, and abuses which are inseparable from the present lack of public control of streams.

In 1890 a number of the irrigators on Spanish Fork River, in Utah, brought suit to quiet their title to its water. Two years later the decision establishing their rights was entered on record. In 1893 other irrigators on the same stream brought suit to have the titles to its waters again quieted. That lasted five years. In ten years the titles have been quieted four times, and another lawsuit to again settle them has just been instituted. Whether the water rights or the litigants will first be put to rest is as yet uncertain.

The fatal defect of all these court adjudications is the disregard of public interest in streams. The very fact that it is ignored makes it necessary that an effort

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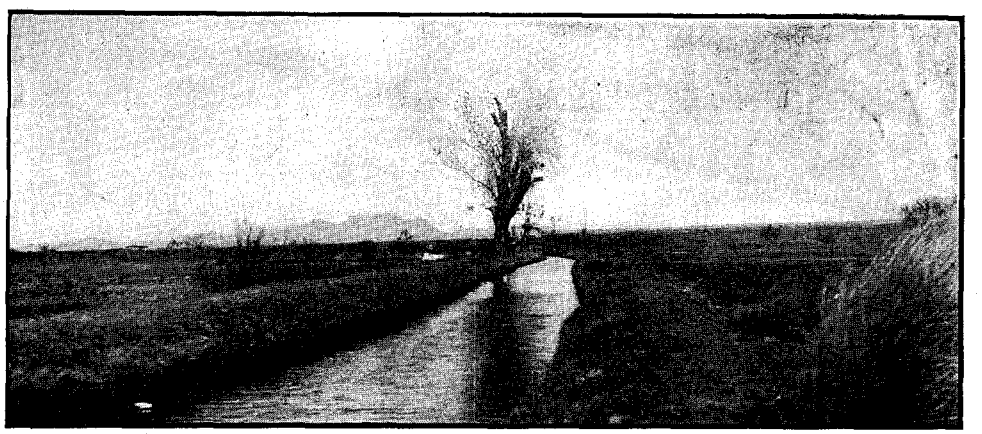
A WYOMING SHEEP RANCH, BEFORE IRRIGATION

be made to explain what this involves. That the rain and snow from which rivers are formed are public property can scarcely be denied. That the river itself originally belonged to the public seems equally true. That the transfer of this property to private ownership or private control equivalent to ownership should be made by some public officer, and that the title itself should come from either State or General Government, seems reasonable, because they are the only agencies having sovereign powers. Water in the arid State is of far more value than land. Why should not rights to its use be determined, like titles to public land, by some tribunal specially created to represent the sovereign authority? The rights acquired in court adjudications are of a wholly different nature. There the assumption is that no one has any interest in streams except the litigants. The testimony on which decrees are based is all furnished by the parties who want the property. It may be intelligent and honest, or it may be the reverse. In either case the rights and interests of the community outside the parties to the suit have no consideration. This is a direct temptation to collusion and fraud. Those seeking to acquire extravagant rights have been known to agree with each other as to the amount of water each will claim, and in accordance with this agreement sworn proofs of rights to many times the volume diverted or the capacity of the stream to furnish are submitted to the court and approved without protest.

Another evil is the fact that it affords no protection for the small appropriator of water against the assaults of stronger or more litigious claimants of the same supply. The creation of homes ought not to involve an unending lawsuit to preserve them, but that is what the building of an irrigation-ditch now too often does.



IRRIGATION DITCH, MESILLA PARK, NEW MEXICO

This has been three hundred years in continuous use.

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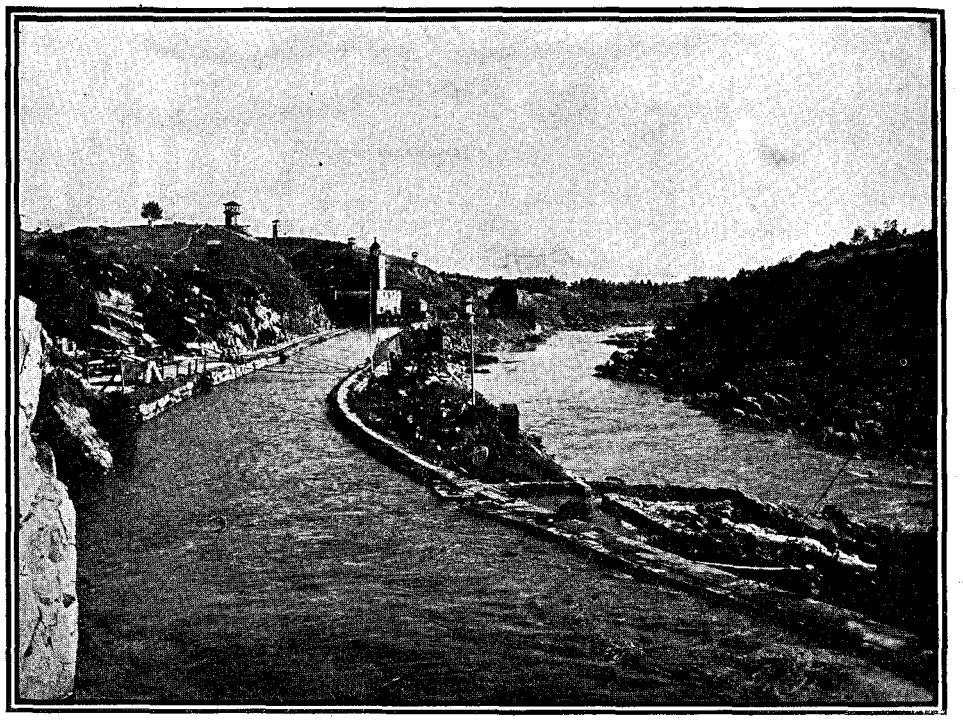
The following extract from a brief filed in behalf of an appropriator of water for his farm of thirty acres, which had been taken away after an uninterrupted use of twenty-five years, is only one of scores of instances known to the writer where, as the outcome of this court warfare, the weak have gone down and the strong survived:

To permit the decision of the trial court to stand, simply means the ruination of the appellant's home, and becomes authority for future robberies. The corporation has been permitted, at the hands of the court, to obtain that which law, common sense, even a limited knowledge of irrigation, and the evidence in the case does not authorize.



FOLSOM CANAL, AMERICAN RIVER, CALIFORNIA

Except in Wyoming and Nebraska, rights to streams can be acquired only by ditch-owners. Sometimes they also own the land watered, but not always. There is no provision, except in the two States above named, by which the owner of irrigated land, who is also a ditch-owner, can appropriate directly the water his land needs.

The ditch or canal owner, however, can acquire a perpetual right. He pays nothing for it. Once acquired, he can sell or rent the water appropriated to consumers under his own canal, or he can rent or sell it to other canal-owners. Those familiar with the results of granting free and perpetual franchises in great cities can form some conclusion regarding the wisdom of this wholesale surrender to private control of the most vital element of Western development. It is a policy long since abandoned by the irrigation countries of Europe, where the best results have not come from granting rights to ditches and canals at all, but to the lands on which the water is used. Some canal companies sell perpetual rights in the water they acquire to the owners of the land covered by their works. On one stream three canals furnish water to 1,356 farms. Why should the right to this water have been given to the three canal-owners, and not to the 1,356 settlers who applied it to beneficial use? Why is not the user of water as much entitled to liberal treatment as the canal-builder who diverts it?

Those who look on prevailing tendencies with apprehension believe that titles to water for irrigation should not belong to either individuals or corporations, but should be attached to the land where used, and be inseparable therefrom. They

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believe this because to let one man own the water which another must have in order to live is almost certain to lead to acts of injustice and oppression. If, on the other hand, rights to water go with the land, the ownership of streams will always be divided, like the land, among a multitude of proprietors. Ditches and canals will be a great public utility, like the streets of a town, and compensation must be based on the service rendered. Such rights can work no injustice to any one, while water monopolies will be rendered impossible.

This issue is being fought out with an intensity of feeling commensurate with the value of the property to be controlled. The result will determine whether Western agriculture will be corporate or co-operative; whether rivers shall become an instrument for creating a great monopoly, as the dominant element of Western society, or be a free gift to those who make a public return for their use.

The healthfulness and charm of the arid region, and the remarkable profits of irrigated agriculture, make it inevitable that its valleys are soon to be the home of a dense population. The time is not far distant when the San Joaquin and Sacramento Valleys of California will each support a million people. The Missouri and its tributaries will, within the next half-century, irrigate more acres than does the Nile to-day. In order to provide for this, the present haphazard development should give way to a system which will provide for the storage of floods, the public supervision of streams, and the enactment of laws which will give permanently to each farmer his just share of the river on which the returns for his labor depend.

The Channel Bell

By Julian Hinckley

Over the boundless ocean, over the silent sea,
'Mid the wet sail's flog in the dripping fog; with its wild note ringing free,
Warning the ships with its solemn toll, ringing through storm and calm,
Comes the solemn swell of the channel bell, sounding its dread alarm.

Through the roar of the storm-swept ocean, and the break of the foaming seas,
When the clouds sweep by in the stormy sky, behind the black cross-trees,
When the dim lights swing at the ratlines, and lightnings gleam and flash,
Through this stormy hell, wild rings the bell above the thunder's crash.

When winter holds her power, and the days are cold and short,
And the wave-tops freeze on the icy breeze, and the great ships hold in port,
Alone on the dreary ocean, swung by the water's roll,
The channel bell has a tale to tell in each stroke of its solemn toll.

In the calm of the silent ocean, robed in the waves of fog,
When the days are dark and the skipper's mark is a cross upon the log,
When never a breeze does stir the mist, and the dead waves rise and fall,
Still comes the knell of the channel bell, with its ever-warning call.

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On the Word of Victor Paul

By Mary Tracy Earle

IN the marsh round the Island of Laurels, in far Cypress Creek, little Melanie Dolbert knew secret channels along which she could paddle in her pirogue, parting the reeds as she went. No one frequented these ways but Melanie, and she told no one, for there did not seem to be another person in the world who would have cared to slip silently through the marsh as she did, looking at all the still, slow things that live there, or to lie quite motionless and stare up at the blue sky while the fragrance of the slender marsh-lilies filled the air around her like companionship. At home they seldom asked Melanie where she went. Her mother, Madame Antoine Dolbert, was a small, active body, whom her creole neighbors called *courageuse*. She was always busy with the cooking or the sewing, while Hortense, the daughter next to Melanie, was equally busy taking care of the crowd of younger children who were not yet able to take care of themselves. Hortense was her mother in miniature, just as *courageuse* and almost as quick-tempered and sharp-tongued. But, although Melanie was the oldest child, she had none of these desirable qualities; her mother despaired of her; but her father, from a standpoint which Madame Antoine could not understand, was wont to call her his little saint. Father Henri, the visiting priest, could see both sides; he advised Madame Antoine to be patient, and, as Madame Antoine could not possibly be patient when an idle person was within sight or earshot, Melanie was allowed to roam at will with only an occasional capture or challenge as she slipped away from the house toward the woods or the creek landing. She never failed to come home when she was hungry, if she did not come before, and the family learned to content itself with that somewhat limited knowledge of her days.

Father Henri, priest of three parishes, did not hold services every Sunday in the little church below the ferry on Cypress Creek, and the Dolberts did not entertain him every time he held service, but now he was coming and they were to entertain him, and the turmoil was unusually wild. In the midst of it Madame Antoine came to the cabin door.

"Where is Melanie?" she demanded of the world at large in high-keyed French.

Antoine was chopping wood. He looked furtively at the creek landing. Melanie's pirogue was gone. He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, she is going soon to return," he said, with an effort at nonchalance. "She is going to return in time to help."

"Ah!" Madame Antoine mocked. "I expect her, me—yes! When the rice is hulled, and the chickens prepared, and the children made clean—when Father Henri himself is arriving, then the dear little Melanie is going to arrive to partake of the dinner—is it not?"

Melanie meanwhile was paddling at ease through one of the broadest of her channels, and for once she was not alone. Victor Paul lay in the bottom of the pirogue, staring aimlessly to and fro after the waving reeds. Victor Paul was one of the many small Dolberts. He was two years and a half old, large, and habitually quiet. He could and did cry whenever he thought it worth while, but, having found nothing in life that struck him as worth talking about, he had never spoken a word. Just why he loved Melanie, who did not pay him the slightest voluntary attention, it would be hard to say; but perhaps, like his father, he was tranquilized by her quiet; that day he had shown his fondness by following her down to the creek and wailing as she pushed off. Melanie told him to go home. He understood well enough, but he stood immovable and grief-stricken, and lamented with a certain calmness which gave no promise of an end. Melanie did not wish to take him back to the house, for then she herself would be detained; but it would not do to leave him on the bank. The least of three evils was to place him expeditiously in the bottom of the pirogue, where he lay quite still and smiled.

It did not prove altogether unpleasant to have him there. She could depend upon his reticence, and he made an

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audience for her. When Melanie was sure of a sympathetic audience, she was very fond of talking. Pirates were her favorite theme; and, oddly enough, her belief in pirates was to play a part in the adventures of the day. She had heard all about pirates from her own father and from Father Henri; these two, having all the weird legends of the coast at their tongues' ends, liked to tell them to each other, and would sit by the firelight recalling them until far into the night. The younger children always grew restless or sleepy and had to be put to bed, but Melanie remained spellbound to the end. The pine-knots which sprang into flame on the hearth did not kindle more quickly or more vividly than her thoughts, and the stories came to the ears of Victor Paul in even more stirring form than if he had stayed awake by night to hear them. The world of mystery and tradition had become the world in which Melanie lived; for once, after the story-tellers had risen to go to bed, Antoine had said that undoubtedly there still were pirates lurking around the coast, and Father Henri, in an odd voice, had said, "Yes, yes, pirates of many kinds," and since then Melanie had been on the watch to find one in the marsh.

She had just finished a story, and its climax hushed her. She lifted her paddle, and was letting her boat drift forward of its own impulse, when she heard a distinct groan.

Her heart stood still and then gave a great bound. Her story was completing itself; her face turned white, but her eyes shone. "Victor Paul," she whispered tremulously, "without doubt it is a pirate, but he is wounded, so you have not the need to be afraid."

Victor Paul was not as afraid as Melanie. He stared at her curiously, but with his usual composure, as she paddled toward the sound.

"Is it that some one has been hurt?" she asked aloud in her very best French, as quaint and old-fashioned and stately as Lafitte himself may have spoken.

The answer was another groan. Then the pirogue turned a tiny curve in the channel, and she saw a man stretched on one of the silvery logs which lie stranded and bleaching through the marsh. He opened his eyes, and she was about to paddle away in a panic of fright when he closed them again. His livid face touched her pity. "Oh!" she cried out, "what is it that has happened? Let me have the privilege of helping you!"

He looked at her again. "I'm afraid you can't do anything," he said in English. "A moccasin has bitten me on the arm." Then he tried to smile, as if he realized how tiny and helpless she was. "I took its log," he finished in a vague murmur, his mind drifting away from her.

His injured arm lay stretched out from its shoulder. It was inflamed to an angry purple, and swollen frightfully. He had torn the clothing from it to make a ligature, but now the knotted bandage was thrown aside.

Melanie looked at it and nodded her head with critical judgment, like an old physician. "I see it," she said, falling into English, and speaking with a soft-slurred accent and a caressing voice. "Why didn t you suck dose poison out of it?"

"I tried to," he answered, summoned back by her voice. "I reckon it would have done me up before now if I hadn't."

"Oh, truly," Melanie said, "it might be much more bad. Me, I think it is good luck dat I come to place de mud on it, like papa did on our dog—oh, but our dog, he make much more cry dan you, an' he come out, oh perfect!" She stepped lightly from the pirogue on to the quaking marsh, scooped a dripping handful of mud from the edge of the channel, and spread it like a poultice over his arm. "Father Henri, he say dat de cure is *toujours*—h-always—very close to de trouble," she went on, reaching for another handful. "It is very strange. Me, I think if I was a snake an' mad at somebuddy, I would go where dere wasn't no mud."

The pirogue began to sway, and the blankly questioning gaze of Victor Paul appeared above the side. "You stay where you belong, Veector Paul," Melanie cried. "If you stir yourse'f, you goin' to be drown in de water, or at de leas' bit by doze snake."

"What's that?" the man asked, dully. "Your dog?"

"My little brudder, yas—my little brudder in de bottom of de pirogue. He had not de invita-cion to come along, but he know how to keep himse'f still. He keep still, oh, h-always."

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The man groaned between his teeth. "I'm afraid this mud of yours isn't much force against a moccasin-bite," he said; "and then the fever dries it out as fast as you put it on."

"Truly," answered the little nurse; "but now that I have enough of mud on it, I begin to pour water over it an' keep it wet. Mud an' water, dey is good—so good—for doze snake-bite."

It did not occur to her that she ought to tell any one else that she had found a man suffering and in danger of his life there in the marsh. When a pirate hid himself, he had his own reasons for doing so, she felt sure, and all that a good Samaritan could do was to try to ease his pain. As for him, there had been a haze over all his thoughts. His blood, thickened by poison, crept sluggishly through his brain, and he was slow in realizing that she might be more useful as a messenger than as a nurse. The steady, languorous patter of her voice brought him gradually to attention.

"De bite was through your coat, wasn't it?" she asked. "Den dat's very little. Father Henri, he say a snake-bite don't never kill if de snake has de luck to bite through your close. An' dat dog of us," she went on, meeting his gaze with a friendly and confident smile, "you had ought to have see dat dog! De bite was in his throat, so it hurt him very much to cry, yet he made much more noise dan you, an' now he's all right."

The pain, and the unlooked-for sweetness of her certainty, and many struggling thoughts besides, showed in the sick man's eyes. His breath was hard and slow. "Do you reckon I'll get over it?" he gasped; and then, as if he did not want the answer, "Where did you come from, anyway, into this wilderness of marsh?"

"Oh," Melanie said, "I come *toujours*. I know de way, an' I look h-always to find somebuddy. Father Henri, he say you h-always hide in de marsh." She leaned a little closer. "I was so scare," she admitted in a half-whisper. "I knew it was a pirate when I heard you groan, an' I was so scare, but I had to see what you was like."

"A pirate!" he repeated. Then he looked off among the reeds and smiled a little, as if the idea were not altogether strange to him. "Do you know all those old stories too?" he asked. "Who tells them to you? Who tells you about Lafitte and Dominick and Scott?"

"Father Henri," she said; "Father Henri an' my papa; but Father Henri knows de most. He knows more about pirates dan anybuddy in de world."

"Does he know more"—the man's voice was very thick; he hesitated and kept looking off among the reeds—"does he know more than Henry Gower?"

"But!" Melanie cried in surprise, "dat's Father Henri—'Enry Gower."

The sick man struggled to lift himself on his uninjured arm. "Henry Gower a priest!" he cried. "But where is his wife?"

"Dead," Melanie answered. She did not wonder that he knew about these people—a pirate might be supposed to know everything. "Yas," she went on, "dey had a so-bad son, an' he broke deir hearts. It was so sad dat Madame Gower die, an' den Father Henri he study to be a priest, an' he say, I hear him say to my papa, dat de peace of God it take away all de pain, de terreeb' pain of dat son."

He dropped back on to the log and threw his well arm across his face. Melanie heard him sob harshly.

"What is it?" she cried; "have you more pain?"

"What do people say that his son did?" he asked.

"But! He was imprison'! An' when de time was out, he didn't come home."

There was silence for a moment, and then the slow, thick voice from the log asked again, "What had he done?"

"I hear my papa say he ain't done not'ing," Melanie declared. "My papa say he got mad at Colonel Wash Crutherd's, up at Shieldsboro', because de Colonel was a so-cruel man, an' when de Colonel beat a horse mos' to death one day, de son of Father Henri he beat de Colonel, an' de Colonel kep' a grudge. Dat's all, except dat de Colonel laid a trap an' made out dat de son of Father Henri had broke into his store. Lots of people didn't believe it, but dey imprison' him jus' de same."

"And yet," the sick man urged, "you say he was a 'so-bad son.'"

"Ah," the child explained, "because he didn't come back when de prison set him free—because he lef' his pore papa

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an' mamma so sad. People say it mus' be dat he was bad after all or he couldn't have been a so-cruel son when dey love him so much. Everybody but my papa say dey reckon he did break in dat store."

"Does Henri Gower, does Father Henri, think that?"

"But no! Father Henri say his son is dead. He say if he wasn't dead he wouldn't stay away."

"And did nobody think of his pride?" the man demanded. "Did nobody think what it was to him to come back where he had been disgraced, and how he put it off from day to day and year to year, and how it grew harder all the time? Did nobody think that perhaps he came near by and couldn't bear it, and went away again? Didn't even his father think of his side of it—of how he felt?"

"I dunno," Melanie answered in bewilderment. "Dey say Father Henri hunt for him and hunt for him, an' it was only when he give up an' say his son mus' be dead dat he find peace."

The man on the log closed his eyes, and without their evidence of life he looked like a dead man who had passed through a long, uncared-for illness. His matted hair fell back from a sunken brow. The hollows in his cheeks led to high cheek-bones and great eye-sockets in which his closed eyes had a waxen whiteness. "Dead," he murmured; and the fitness of the word made the little girl shiver—"how much better so!" His hand stirred once or twice with nervous indecision. Suddenly he looked full in Melanie's face. "I'm going away from here," he said. "You needn't think I'm too weak to go away from here, for I shall go, and you've got to promise not to tell anybody that you found me. Cross yourself and promise, cross yourself and swear that you won't tell."

A flush spread over Melanie's brown cheeks and up to the roots of her hair. "It would not be honorabl'," she cried—"it would not be fair to tell dat you are here when your right arm is so swell dat you could not fight. But you mus' not go while you are so sick. I shall come every day and take care of you, an' when you are well, den you can go away."

"And that baby in the pirogue—won't he tell?"

"But!" she answered, gravely; "he talks not. Dat's all right."

"Yes," he moaned bitterly, "everything's all right." By a great effort he lifted himself to his elbow and confronted her. His face was full of pain and fear, and his voice was hoarse. "If I die here, call nobody to give me absolution," he cried.

Melanie's hands shook so that the water spilled, and when she spoke, her words shook too. "You're not goin' to die," she said. "I shall come all de days till you get cure."

"Won't you be afraid?" he asked, "and won't your people wonder where you are?"

"Dat's all right. I ain't scare of you, and my mamma never trouble herse'f about me. She has Hortense to he'p her wid de work. Hortense has de way to do things right, an' me, I have de way to do dem wrong."

"Not—not always," he sobbed. The peace which there was about the child reached to the suffering of his mind and soothed it. He dropped back and lay quite silent and motionless while Melanie kept patiently pouring the water over his arm.

Victor Paul, poor, forgotten morsel of humanity, sighed softly and regularly in the bottom of the pirogue. The brilliant slanting sunshine fell full upon him through the narrow opening of the channel, but he had kept so still that the fate of all good babies had overtaken him, and he was fast asleep. A breath of air stole in from the creek and stirred among the rushes, as if time were stealing audibly past the sick outcast, the sleeping baby, and the child.

"Melanie! Melanie!" It was Antoine Dolbert's voice coming clear and resonant across the marsh.

Melanie started to her feet and then sat down again. Never since she was the size of Victor Paul had her father come to search for her. The sick man looked up in alarm. His perceptions had been wandering in a maze of physical torture. "Has something happened to you?" he asked.

"Not'ing," Melanie answered, "only my papa call."

"Is he coming here? Go to him! Don't let him come here and find me."

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"He's not comin' here. He don't know de way. Nobuddy know de way but me. Dere ain't not'ing here to come for but de lilies. I smelled dem one time when I was paddling down de creek, an' I found my way in where dey grow. Nobuddy else has de time to know if de lilies bloom in de marsh."

"Melanie! Melanie!"

There was an imperative ring in the call. "Go!" the sick man begged.

"But I can't, for if I go while he is dere, den he may see de way." She looked around her as if she were hopelessly questioning the gray-green reeds and the attenuated blossoms of the lilies. "Oh, when I t'ink about goin' off an' leavin' you, it make me want to tell my papa. You don't know how very fond he is of pirates. He would be very sad if he knowed dat all your friends had lef' you, an' a snake had bite your arm. He would take you home, an' he wouldn't tell the people at de ferry who you was."

He pushed it all away from him with a motion of the hand. "Tell nobody," he whispered. "I want to be left alone."

"Melanie! Melanie!" The call was sounding further up the creek; she knew that her father had given up finding her and was paddling back toward home. There was a note of urgence that was almost despairing in his voice, and the feeling that something terrible had happened brought her to her feet again.

"I mus' go," she said. "I won't tell nobuddy if you don't want me to, and I'll come back right soon. I'll come back wid some bread faw you—oh, you don't know how somesing to eat will make you strong!"

"I'm feeling pretty strong already," he declared, wondering if she would believe him in spite of his thick, faint voice; "and I don't want anything to eat, so don't come back to-night; and don't be surprised if I'm gone when you come to-morrow. My shipmates, you know, from the pirate ship, they might find me in the night; so good-by."

"Good-by," Melanie said; "but I shall come jus' de same to bring somesing to eat, and make myself sure. Doze pirate, dey care not much for de sick." She stood hesitant a moment, still feeling it wrong to leave him alone. "Good-by," she said again, in a trembling voice.

Victor Paul did not waken when she stepped into the pirogue. She paddled away with slow, regretful strokes, and kept turning to look back. The sunlight glittered upon her through the reeds, and the man followed her with his big dark eyes, believing that after the marsh closed behind her he should never look into a human face again. He trusted her promise not to tell, and at nightfall he would slip into the water, praying for strength to get beyond her island before he drowned.

In a moment she came to a curve in the channel, waved her hand to him, and disappeared. After that her pirogue wound so swiftly through the marsh that Antoine Dolbert was still in sight when she came out into the creek. Father Henri was with him in the skiff, and both of them kept looking to right and left as Antoine rowed away. They were startled when she called to them. Her father turned the skiff and came back to meet her, and, to her surprise, he did not ask her where she had been.

"Veector Paul is lost," he called out; "we can't find Veector Paul!"

"But he is here!" Melanie answered. She prodded Victor Paul and made him sit up in the boat. "He had the idea to come with me," she explained, as the two boats slipped together. "I did not want him, me, but he had say to himse'f, 'I go.'"

She beamed at the two anxious men, feeling that fate had been kind to save her from personal questions in this way; the result was disappointing. Victor Paul rubbed his eyes and smiled blissfully, but Antoine Dolbert frowned. "Oh, Melanie, Melanie! didn't you have the sense to know dat your mamma would be scare?" he asked. "De las' anybuddy see him he was goin' toward de creek, an' den when your mamma look for him he wasn't nowhere. When I come back from bringing Father Henri, I find your mamma been crying an hour wid de fear dat he is drown. Look like you had ought to stay home sometime, Melanie, an' he'p take care of all doze children."

"I was taking care of him in de pirogue," Melanie explained.

"Ah!" Antoine said, in such a tone as his wife might have used. "Den I mus' tell you, dis is de las' day you have de

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pirogue. It is right at dis hour, yas, you begin stayin' at home an' workin' like your mamma an' Hortense."

A sort of horror showed in Melanie's face. At any other time it would have touched her father, but not now. "Papa," she cried, "I couldn't stay h-always round de house—I couldn't stay dare *h-always!*"

"Hortense stays," her father declared, sternly, "an' dat is where you mus' stay, or I shall no more call you my little saint."

Then Melanie broke into tears.

Victor Paul had been patting her with his fat hands and babbling excitedly. He understood that she was in trouble; he was grateful to her, and he wanted to show it in some way. He looked appealingly at his father and at Father Henri, and pointed toward the marsh. Then he patted Melanie again, and gazed at her accusers.

"The child wants to say something," Father Henri noticed. "Do you know what it is, Melanie?"

Melanie shook her head, and tried to push Victor Paul down from the edge of the pirogue, which he was tilting dangerously.

Father Henri leaned from the skiff and took the child into his arms. "What is it, little man?" he said.

Victor Paul's face brightened. "Man!" he echoed with startling clearness, pointing a short, fat finger towards the marsh. It was the first word he had ever spoken in his life.

"Man?" cried Antoine Dolbert. "What does he mean, Melanie?"

Melanie sobbed and shook her head, but the baby stretched his arms toward the marsh, gabbling excitedly. "Man!" he repeated again and again, with much more that they could not understand.

Antoine grasped Melanie by the shoulders and lifted her up so that he could see her face. "Is there a man in that marsh?" he asked.

Melanie's eyes fell. "Oh, papa, I promised," she murmured; "oh, papa, be good to him!"

"Who is it?" Antoine demanded.

Melanie felt her little heart breaking because she could not keep her word. "Oh, papa," she sobbed, "he is a pirate, an' a snake has bite his arm."

Antoine released her. "Paddle back there and show us the way," he ordered; "or, no, get into de skiff an' row Father Henri dere, while I take de pirogue an' go home wid Veector Paul. I will come back to see dis pirate." His eyes met Father Henri's. "Truly," he muttered, "dere are pirate of many kinds still in de world."

He changed places with Melanie, took the baby again into the pirogue, and the two boats parted. Melanie, sitting across from Father Henri, could not bear to look into his face. She wondered if she could ever look any one in the face again—surely she could not meet the eyes of the man in the marsh. "He will be so angry," she murmured, brokenly—"I *promise* him not to tell."

"What is this man like?" the priest asked, gently.

She brushed the tears out of her eyes, and looked at him with a sudden realization. "Father Henri," she said, "dat man is jus' like you."

"Like me!" he echoed. The broad skiff pushed in among the reeds and parted them, rubbing against each side of the channel as it made its way through the marsh. Father Henri asked no more questions, but his lips stirred, and one nervous hand told the beads upon his rosary. The rushes grated past, and the air grew sweet with the incense of the lilies.

"Ah," Melanie moaned, "I'm so scare of him! He is jus' round dis turn."

Father Henri stepped to the bow. "I will speak to him," he said. He grasped the reeds and pulled the boat round the last curve.

The sick man lay staring at them. Father Henri gave a cry. For an instant he was not a priest, the father of many, but only the father of this one. He stepped from the boat and knelt in the marsh mud beside the log, gathering the ghastly figure up into his arms; and the outcast looked into his eyes, and knew that it was not too late for forgiveness and life and love.

In the silence of their meeting Melanie burst into tears. "It was not me who told him, truly it was not," she sobbed, not guessing that she and her promise were alike forgotten, and that it was a moment of joy. "Me, I had give my word. I told not. It was dat terreeb' Veector Paul."

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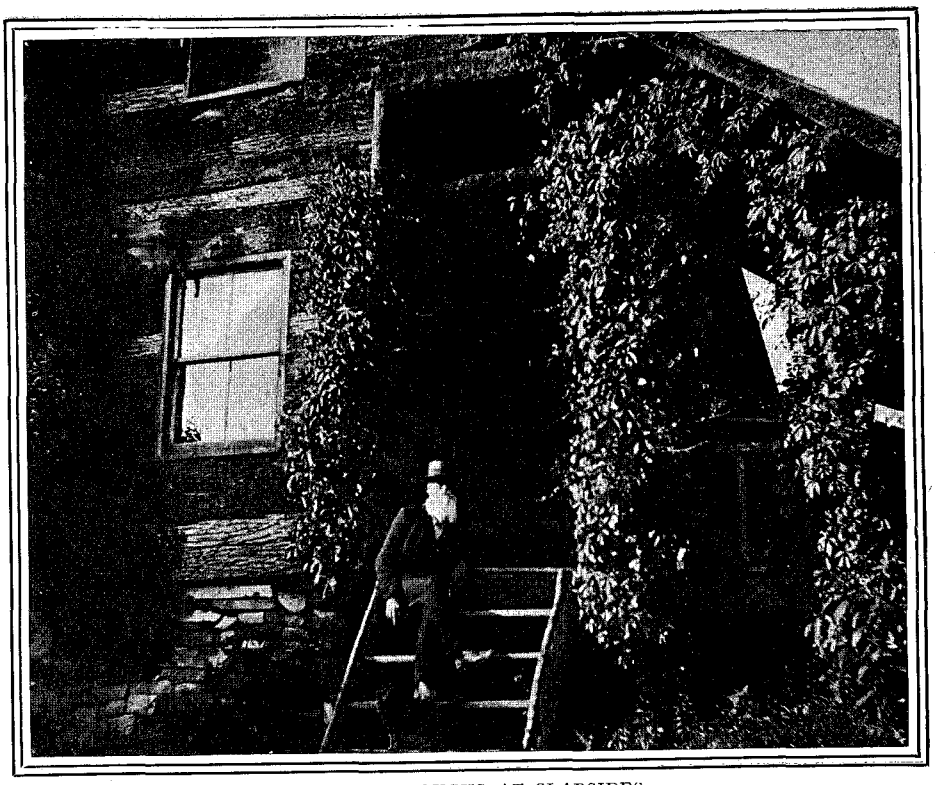

JOHN BURROUGHS AT SLABSIDES

A Day at "Slabsides"

By George Gladden

"YES, sir," said the small boy, promptly. Then he hesitated, and gazed intently down the shaded road. The pause was so long that it suggested a resumption of the interrupted reverie, but the nodding head indicated a more definite mental activity; and when the reply came, it was explicit. "It's the fifth house on the other side of the road."

A curving driveway disappearing into a grove of maple, oak, and spruce trees hinted at the whereabouts of the "fifth house on the other side of the road." Half-way down the drive there was suddenly revealed to the pedestrian the figure of a man of rather less than medium height, with a long, snowy-white beard, and hair in which there was only a little of the earlier gray. He was standing at the edge of the drive, motionless, and gazing upward into the foliage of a maple-tree within a few steps of the front porch of the "fifth house." At the sound of the pedestrian's step he turned, acknowledged his identity, and added a quiet and courteous greeting. Then almost immediately his gaze went back to the bough of the maple-tree, and he said:

"I have been watching that wood-thrush. I think she is trying to turn her eggs; she seems to be moving about in her nest. I have never happened to see a bird in the act of turning her eggs; it would be interesting to observe how she manages it."

A sympathetic reader of John Burroughs's books could not have asked a meeting with him more appropriate than this. It seemed to express perfectly the genius of the man; the spirit of loving interest in his subject which breathes from his every page, and this simply because it is the very essence of his being.

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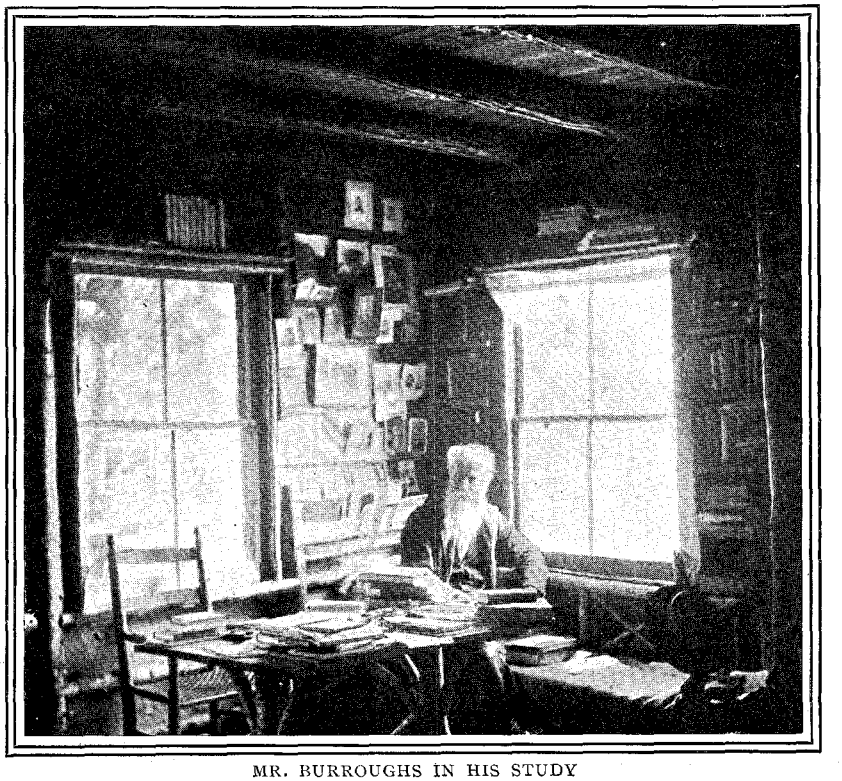
During the afternoon and evening that followed, his talk was mainly of birds, and always in that manner in which one speaks of friends who are loved and admired and understood. These recollections of that afternoon and evening will reflect, as faithfully as the writer may, some glimpses of the atmosphere in which "Locusts and Wild Honey," and "Signs and Seasons," and "Wake Robin," and all of the other pictures which bear the name of the same artist, came into being.

"Riverby," the "fifth house," almost over the door of which the wood-thrush has built her nest, is in the beautiful little village of West Park, on the west bank of the Hudson, and a few miles above Poughkeepsie. Back of the house, and at the edge of the hillside that overlooks the river, Mr. Burroughs has a little villa—a sort of embryonic "Slabsides." On the way thither through the orchard he showed me a ruby-throated humming-bird's nest, scarcely larger than a good-sized English walnut. The little mother darted away as we approached, and sped nervously about the orchard, but her every movement was promptly reported by my keen-eyed host. Such eyes could keep half a dozen pens busy.

In the villa on the hillside Mr. Burroughs has done much of his writing. There is a little summer-house a few steps away, and here we lingered for a while, listening to the bubbling song of a house-wren and gazing at the great shining stream and the gliding steam yachts and the creeping sails. A remark about the view from his visitor led Mr. Burroughs to say: "Yes, it is a beautiful sweep of water, but I grow tired of it. It has got to be too cosmopolitan; there are too many yachts and steamboats and other suggestions of wealth and commercialism. Over at 'Slabsides' I have a little river that I love. It is a real river, with trees hanging over it, and birds in the trees, and beautiful nature on every side—and no steamboats."

By the lovely, winding wood-road, "Slabsides," the picturesque and interesting retreat of Mr. Burroughs, is about a mile from "Riverby;" by the path over the wooded hillside it is rather less distant. Up this path Mr. Burroughs led the way, at a pace that gave plenty of



MR. BURROUGHS IN HIS STUDY

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exercise to a pair of lungs barely half as old as his. "I am a pretty good walker yet," he remarked, "except in the city. When I was last in New York, I walked from Fourteenth Street up to the American Museum of Natural History (about three miles), and I was quite tired when I got there. It was partly the unyielding sidewalks that wearied me, I suppose; though the roar of the city wears on my nerves. My ears are very sensitive, and the clatter and crash of the streets always affects me. Three or four days in the city is about all I can stand at a time."

"Slabsides" we found in possession of a large and very complacent-looking cat, with fur, both in texture and marking, singularly like that of a lynx. It was a curious animal for a bird-lover to have as a pet, and Mr. Burroughs expressed misgivings about "Sally" as she greeted him with many little caressing "pur-r-r-meows" and much sidling about and rubbing against his legs. "I am afraid she catches birds sometimes, though I have never known her to," he said. "This morning she captured a chipmunk and brought him in here and devoured him. I was very sorry about that, and I told her so, for the chipmunk is an interesting little fellow, and quite harmless. About an hour afterward she appeared with a full-grown red squirrel; and I praised her for that, for you know what a murderous wretch the red squirrel is in bird-land. If I could teach her to catch red squirrels and let the birds and chipmunks alone, I would be glad to have her about. She came to me as a waif, and I haven't had the heart to turn her away. I take care to see that she has all the milk she can drink, but I am afraid, nevertheless, that she catches birds when she can." And a few minutes later Mistress Sally showed that she would if she could, by trying, under our very eyes, to stalk a black-and-white creeping warbler that had flown into the vine curtain which shades the porch. The campaign was cut short, gently but firmly, and with admonitions as to the sin of such designs; but for several minutes Sally's eyes continued to show felonious intent.

Readers of The Outlook know that, to say nothing of its naturalistic and literary values, "Slabsides" has a certain economic interest. For the house is built at one end of what, once a seemingly hopeless morass, is now a prospering market-garden, the transformation having been wrought under the direction of Mr. Burroughs. To those who, besides being familiar with his books, know that he is a farmer, and that he comes of a long line of farmers, it must also have occurred that the cottage and estate thus supply for him a highly appropriate environment. For the little farm, whose welfare is a source of never-flagging interest to him, is guarded on all sides by rock-ribbed hills richly clad with almost untouched forests, in which live the birds whom he knows and loves so well.

The outer walls of the little house are covered with slabs of oak, maple, hemlock, and other trees, with the bark undisturbed; while the walls of the rooms are finished with split saplings of yellow birch which cover the joinings of the unpainted boards. A sleeping apartment adjoins this main room, but Mr. Burroughs has recently been using as his bedroom what he calls his "guest chamber," on the second floor. The window of this room shows in one of the accompanying illustrations. Here he has a bedstead which is, and surely will continue to be, *sui generis*. It is made of limbs and saplings which, while growing, were turned and twisted in all sorts of fantastic curves and angles. His writing-table is in the main room on the first floor, and it is here that he has done much of his work during the past four years. Commonly he leaves the door unlocked, and to be opened at will by any visitor who may pull the old-fashioned latch-string, which is left hospitably "out." On the table lies a morocco-bound register in which many of the visitors write their names and sometimes add little messages. Many of these calls are made while Mr. Burroughs is away.

"I have come to be pretty well known hereabouts," he said, with a suggestion of amusement in his tones; "and sometimes people come over here evidently for the express purpose of catching a glimpse of the strange creature who leads this most curious existence. They seem to regard me quite as they would a two-headed calf, or a five-legged pig, or any other freak of nature." On the other hand, it ought to be said that a good many of Mr. Burroughs's callers visit "Slabsides" in a mood very

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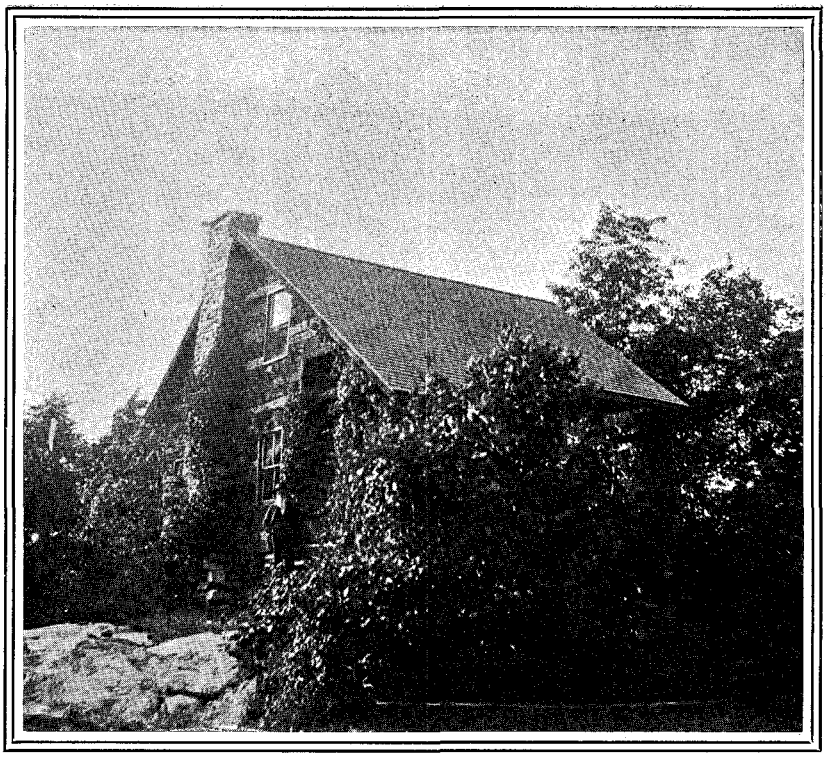

SLABSIDES: MR. BURROUGHS'S SUMMER COTTAGE

different from this. So much will be made apparent by a single glance at almost any page of his register.

During that afternoon my host showed me the spring which is to be thanked for the existence of "Slabsides." "While we were clearing away the masses of vines and undergrowth, and making ready for our garden," he said, "we came suddenly on this spring. Until then I had not thought seriously of coming here to live, but when I found this spring I said, 'I must make use of this; I must have a house.' And so the house was built, and the spring has never failed me; it is always pure and sweet and copious; have you ever tasted better water?" I am sure I never have.

Mr. Burroughs is not quite alone in his wilderness-framed garden, so far as human neighbors are concerned. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll found him out there a year or more ago, and immediately decided to make for himself a workshop and retreat after the fashion of "Slabsides." So he built a lodge on the hillside just above the spring. And further along on the same hillside a Poughkeepsie gentleman has perched a commodious little villa with broad piazzas which command the superb views up and down the valley of the Hudson. Under the eaves of this villa, and within arm's reach as one stands on the piazza, a phœbe has built her nest, and was quietly hatching her eggs, undisturbed by the proximity of her human neighbors.

"I saw her building her nest," said Mr. Burroughs, "and noticed that she did not seem to have any bump of locality. She would come flying up here with her beak loaded with mud, and drop it on the beam beside one of the rafters. But she seemed to forget each time where she had deposited her load, and the result was that she soon had the building of four or five houses on her hands. I thought that was rather more than one small bird ought to undertake, so I interrupted the building operations by putting stones or blocks of wood on the foundations of all except one of the nests, and in that way concentrated the attention of Phœbe upon a single site. This set her right, and she went ahead and finished up one house—the one she is using now."

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It seemed to me that this story illustrated more than merely a bird idiosyncrasy.

In a tree at the edge of the little plateau on which Mr. Ingersoll has built his lodge, I was shown a turtle-dove sitting patiently upon her roughly built nest, over the edges of which, on either side, appeared the head and tail feathers of a young bird, evidently almost fully fledged, and altogether too large for the mother to cover any longer. And further down the hillside I was privileged to peep into a yellow-billed cuckoo's nest—a small handful of loosely laid sticks and twigs. My report of the condition of this home caused Mr. Burroughs a good deal of concern. Neither of the parents was in sight, and there was only one egg in the nest. A day or two before, he said, there had been a young bird and an egg there. "I fear that means another tragedy," he said; and those who have read the chapter on the "Tragedies of the Nests," in "Signs and Seasons," will understand his meaning.

If these bits of news from "Slabsides" have served to suggest the genius of the place, their purpose has been accomplished. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that every form of life, animate or inanimate, has some definite significance for Mr. Burroughs. That phœbe has become a personality, an individual, to him, not alone because of her rather pathetic absent-mindedness, but because she has let her friend into the secrets of her home up there under the eaves. And it is so with the turtle-dove of exaggerated maternal instinct; while the disappearance of the infant cuckoo suggests a domestic calamity none the less dire because its exact nature can only be conjectured. I do not believe that Mr. Burroughs ever loses an opportunity to add to his knowledge of bird personality by observation of this kind; and his physical vision, which is well-nigh infallible even now when he has passed the threescore milestone, keeps him constantly supplied with such opportunities. If I mistake not, much of the charm of what he writes is the result of the expression of this personal familiarity with the birds, this tendency to write definitely and always sympathetically about some one bird.

Then, too, Mr. Burroughs has the poet's appreciation of the beautiful in the abstract. He knows birds as individuals, but he also knows them as spiritual expressions, and his appreciation of their moods and temperaments prompts some of his most beautiful passages. In the essay on "Birds and Birds," in "Locusts and Wild Honey," he writes:

"The song-birds might all have brooded and hatched in the human heart. They are typical of its highest aspirations, and nearly the whole gamut of human passion and emotion is expressed more or less fully in their varied songs. Among our own birds there is the song of the hermit-thrush for devoutness and religious serenity, that of the wood-thrush for the musing, melodious thoughts of twilight, the song-sparrow's for simple faith and trust, the bobolink's for hilarity and glee, the mourning-dove's for hopeless sorrow, the vireo's for all-day and every-day contentment, and the nocturne of the mocking-bird for love. There are the plaintive singers, the soaring, ecstatic singers, the confident singers, the gushing and voluble singers, and the half-voiced, inarticulate singers. The note of the pewee is a human sigh, and the chickadee has a voice full of unspeakable tenderness and fidelity. There is pride in the song of the tanager, and vanity in that of the catbird. There is something distinctly human about the robin; his is the note of boyhood. I have thoughts that follow the migrating fowls northward and southward, and that go with the sea-birds into the desert of the ocean as lonely and tireless as they. I sympathize with the watchful crow perched yonder on that tree, or walking about in the fields. I hurry outdoors when I hear the clarion of the wild gander; his comrade in my heart sends back the call."

What may not the voices of Nature say to such a man, and be understood!

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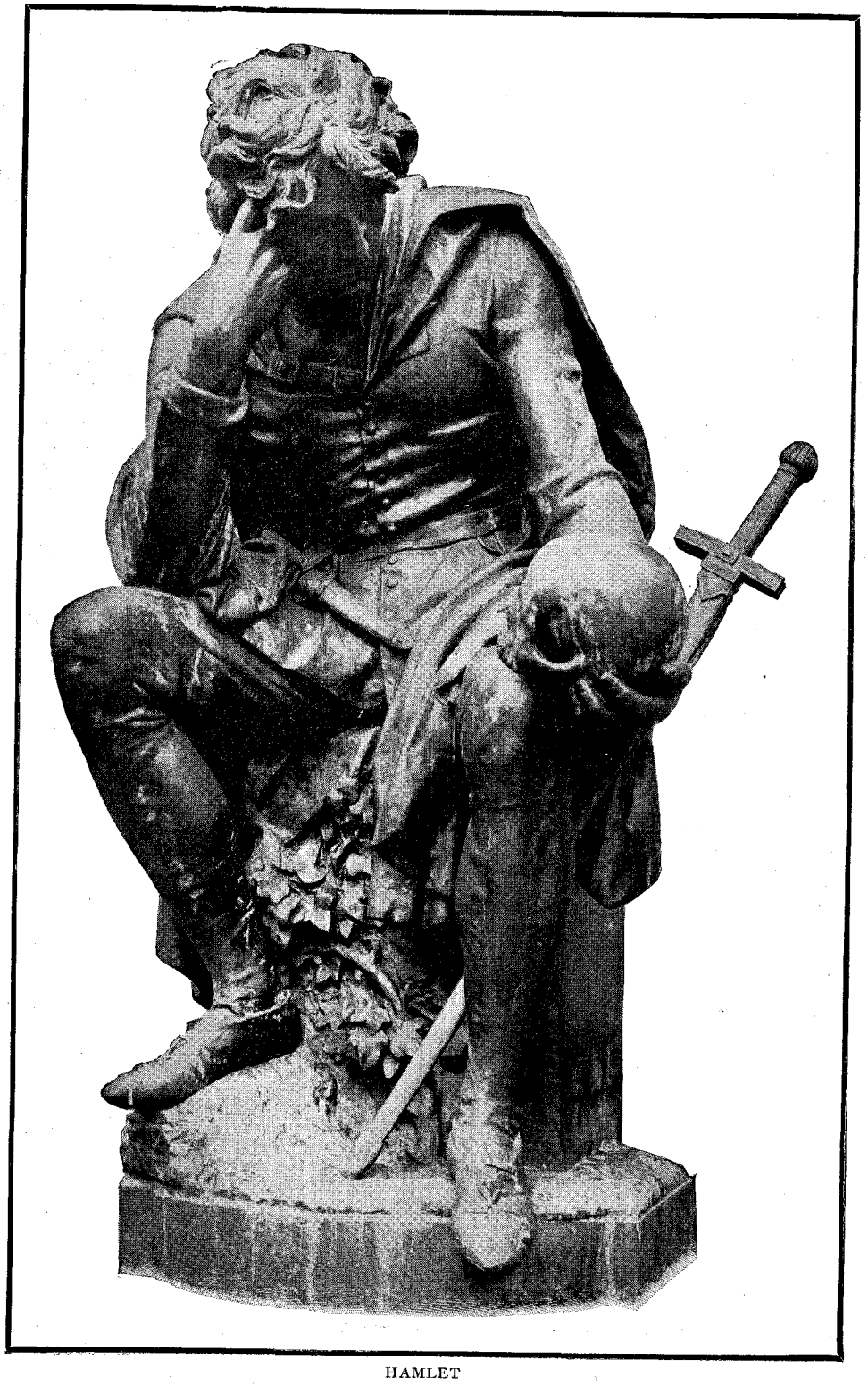

HAMLET

From the Gower Monument at Stratford.

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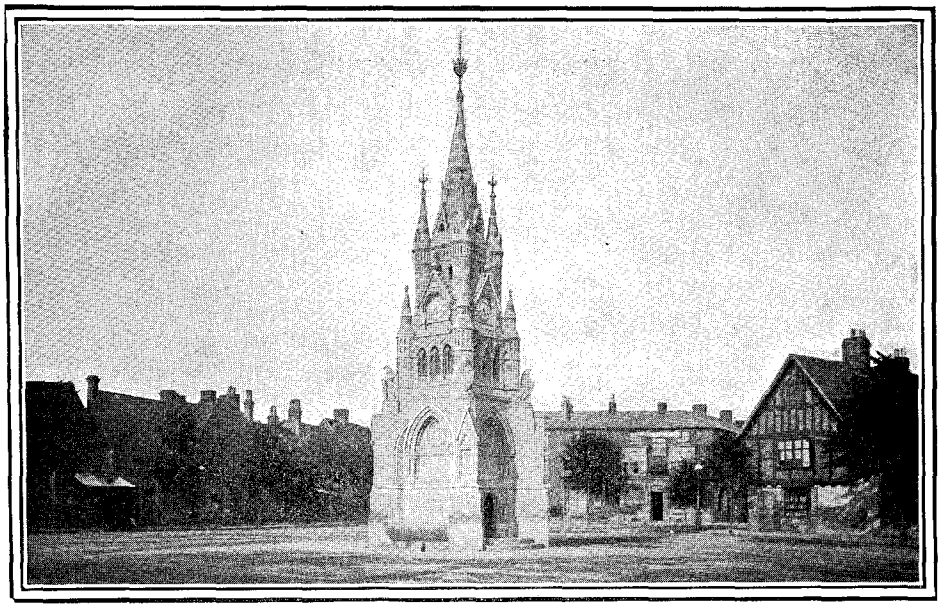

THE AMERICAN FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK-TOWER, STRATFORD

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

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Part XII.—The Earlier Tragedies

THE order of the appearance of the Tragedies has not been definitely settled; they were written, however, in the same period, and that period began about 1601 and ended about 1609. The poet was at work on these masterpieces during the closing years of the reign of Elizabeth and the early years of the reign of James First. While he was meditating upon or writing "Julius Cæsar," Essex and Southampton had embarked upon their ill-planned conspiracy, and one had gone to the block and the other was lying in the Tower; soon after finishing "Coriolanus" the poet left London and returned to Stratford. The first decade of the seventeenth century was, therefore, his "storm and stress" period. Its chief interest lies in its artistic product, but the possible and probable relations of his artistic activity to his personal experience have been indicated. Those relations must not be insisted upon too strenuously; in a sense they are unimportant; the important aspect of the work of this decade lies in the continuity of mood and of themes which it represents, and in the mastery of the dramatic art which it illustrates.

During these years Shakespeare dealt continuously with the deepest problems of character with the clearest insight and the most complete command of the resources of the dramatic art. It is significant of the marvelous harmony of the expert craftsman with the poet of superb imagination that the plays of this period have been at the same time the most popular of all the Shakespearean dramas with theater-goers and the most deeply studied by critical lovers of the poet in all parts of the world.

Shakespeare had read Holinshed and Hall with an insight into historic incident and character quite as marvelous in its power of laying bare the sources of action

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and of vitalizing half-forgotten actors in the drama of life as the play of the faculty of invention, and far more fruitful; he now opened the pages of one of the most fascinating and stimulating biographers in the whole range of literature. It is doubtful if any other recorder of men's lives has touched the imagination and influenced the character of so many readers as Plutarch, to whom the modern world owes much of its intimate and vital knowledge of the men who not only shaped the destinies of Greece and Rome, but created the traditions of culture which influenced Shakespeare's age and contemporaries so deeply. Part of Plutarch's extraordinary influence has been due to the inexhaustible interest of his material and part to the charm of his personality. He was and will remain one of the great interpreters of the classical to the modern world; a biographer who breathed the life of feeling and infused the insight of the imagination into his compact narratives. It has well been said of his work that it has been "most sovereign in its dominion over the minds of great men in all ages;" and the same thought has been suggested in another form in the description of that work as "the pasturage of great minds."

LADY MACBETH
From the Gower Monument.

Sir Thomas North's English version of "The Lives of the Noble Grecians, compared together by that grave learned philosopher and historiographer Plutarke, of Chæronea, translated out of Greek into French by James Amyot, Abbot of Belloxane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's Privy Council, and great Amner of France, and now out of French into English by Thomas North," was published in 1579, while Shakespeare was coming to the end of his school-days in the Grammar School at Stratford, and forms one of that group of translations, including Chapman's "Homer," Florio's "Montaigne," and Fairfax's "Tasso," which, in their influence, must be ranked as original contributions to Elizabethan literature. Plutarch is not only the foremost biographer in the history of letters; he had the further good fortune to attract a reader who, more than any other, has disclosed the faculty of grasping the potential content of a narrative, as well as mastering its record of fact. It is one of Plutarch's greatest honors that he was the chief feeder of Shakespeare's imagination during the period when his genius touched its highest mark of achievement; for it was in Plutarch that the poet found the material for three of the greatest of the Tragedies, "Julius Cæsar," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "Coriolanus," and, in part, for "Timon of Athens." Not only did he find his material in Plutarch, but he found passages so nobly phrased, whole dialogues sustained at such a height of dignity, force, or eloquence, that he incorporated them into his work with essentially minor changes. Holinshed furnished only the bare outlines of movement for "Richard II." and "Richard III.," but Plutarch supplied traits, hints, suggestions, phrases, and actions so complete in themselves that the poet needed to do little but turn upon the biographer's prose his vitalizing and organizing imagination. The difference between the prose biographer and the

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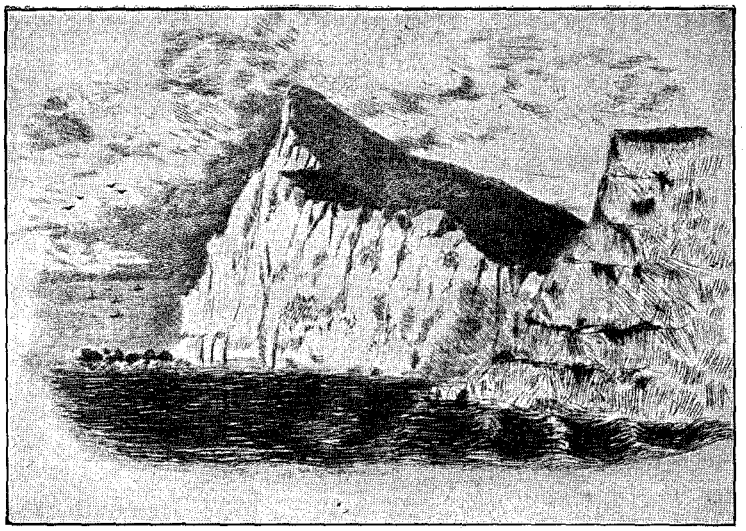

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF, DOVER

dramatist remains, however, a difference of quality so radical as to constitute a difference of kind. The nature and extent of Shakespeare's indebtedness to the works upon which he drew for material may be most clearly shown by placing in juxtaposition Mark Antony's famous oration over Cæsar's body as Shakespeare found it and as he left it: "When Cæsar's body," writes Plutarch, "was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more, and taking Cæsar's gown all bloudy in his hand, he layed it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had in it. Therewith all the people fell presently into such a rage and mutinie that there was no more order kept among the common people."

A magical change has been wrought in this narrative when it reappears in Shakespeare's verse in one of his noblest passages:

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

"Julius Cæsar" probably appeared in 1601. Many facts point to this date, among them the oft-quoted passage from Weever's "Mirror of Martyrs," which was printed in that year:

The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious.
When eloquent Mark Antonie had shewn
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?

A little later, in a still greater play, Polonius, recalling his life at the University, said:

I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol:
Brutus killed me.

The story, like many others with which Shakespeare dealt, was popular, and had been presented on the stage at an earlier date. Shakespeare's rendering was so obviously superior to all its predecessors that it practically put an end to further experiments with the same theme.

In the English historical plays the dramatist never entirely broke with the traditional form and spirit of the Chronicle play; in his first dealing with a Roman subject he took the final step from the

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earlier drama to the tragedy. "Julius Cæsar" is not, it is true, dominated by a single great character, as are the later Tragedies, but it reveals a rigorous selection of incidents with reference to their dramatic value, and a masterly unfolding of their significance in the story. The drama was not misnamed; although Cæsar dies at the beginning of the dramatic movement, his spirit dominates it to the very end. At every turn he confronts the conspirators in the new order which he personified, and of which he was the organizing genius. Cassius dies with this recognition on his lips:

Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

And when Brutus looks on the face of the dead Cassius, he, too, bears testimony to a spirit which is more potent than the arms of Octavius and Antony:

O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

This new order in the Roman world, personified by Cæsar, is the shaping force of the tragedy; Octavius represents without fully understanding it, and Brutus and Cassius array themselves against it without recognizing that they are contending with the inevitable and the irresistible. At a later day, the eloquent and captivating Antony, a man of genius, enthusiasm, and personal devotion, but without the co-ordinating power of character, flings himself against this new order in the same blank inability to recognize a new force in the world, and dies as much a victim of his lack of vision as Brutus and Cassius. Nowhere else is Shakespeare's sense of reality, his ability to give facts their full weight, more clearly revealed than in "Julius Cæsar." Brutus is one of the noblest and most consistent of Shakespearean creations; a man far above all self-seeking and capable of the loftiest patriotism; in whose whole bearing, as in his deepest nature, virtue wears her noblest aspect. But Brutus is an idealist, with a touch of the doctrinaire; his purposes are of the highest, but the means he employs to give those purposes effect are utterly inadequate; in a lofty spirit he embarks on an enterprise doomed to failure by the very temper and pressure of the age. "Julius Cæsar" is the tragedy of the conflict between a great nature, denied the sense of reality, with the world-spirit. Brutus is not only crushed, but recognizes that there was no other issue of his untimely endeavor.

The affinity between Hamlet and Brutus has often been pointed out. The poet was brooding over the story of the Danish prince probably before he became interested in Roman history; certainly before he wrote the Roman plays. The chief actors in both dramas were men upon whom was laid the same fatal necessity; both were idealists forced to act in great crises, when issues of appalling magnitude hung on their actions. Their circumstances were widely different, but a common doom was on both; they were driven to do that which was against their natures.

In point of style "Julius Cæsar" marks the culmination of Shakespeare's art as a dramatic writer. The ingenuity of the earlier plays ripened in a rich and pellucid flexibility; the excess of imagery gave place to a noble richness of speech; there is deep-going coherence of structure and illustration; constructive instinct has passed on into the ultimate skill which is born of complete identification of thought with speech, of passion with utterance, of action with character. The long popularity of the play was predicted by Shakespeare in the words of Cassius:

How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

The great impression made by "Julius Cæsar" in a field which Jonson regarded as his own probably led to the writing of "Sejanus," which appeared two years later, and of "Catiline," which was produced in 1611. A comparison of these plays dealing with Roman history brings into clear relief the vitalizing power of Shakespeare's imagination in contrast with the conscientious and scholarly craftsmanship of Jonson. In "Sejanus" almost every incident and speech, as Mr. Knight has pointed out, is derived from ancient authorities, and the dramatist's own edition of the play was packed with references like a text-book. The characters speak with admirable correctness after the manner of their time; but they do not live. Brutus, Cassius, Antony, Portia, on the other hand, talk and act like living creatures, and the play is saturated with the spirit and enveloped in the atmosphere of Rome.

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The story of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, like that of Dr. Faustus, had a long and wide popularity before it found place among the classics. There was much in both tales which appealed to the popular imagination; there was a touch of the supernatural in both, and the Renaissance mind still loved the supernatural; there was in both an abundance of horrors, and the age of Shakespeare craved strong incitements of the imagination; and in both there was a combination of story and psychologic interest which appealed from the beginning to the crowds who frequented the theaters, and, later, to the greatest of modern poets. In this fusion of immediate human interest with the very highest and most complex problems of character and destiny these two stories are unique; and it is due to the presence of these qualities that, in their final versions, these stories hold the first place among those dramas which deal with the ultimate questions of life.

JAMES THE FIRST
From an old print.

Saxo Grammaticus, who lived about the year 1200, midway between the earliest crusades and the discovery of America, was, as his name suggests, a man of

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unusual learning. He was the earliest Danish writer of importance, and his Latin style evoked the admiration of so competent an authority as Erasmus, who expressed his surprise that a Dane of that age should be able to command such a "force of eloquence." The great work of this brilliant Latinist was the "Historia Danica," or "History of the Danes;" written, there is reason to believe, with Livy as a model. This history, like all other histories of that age, was largely made up of mythical and legendary tales chiefly illustrative of heroic persons and incidents. One of the most striking of these hero stories is that which relates the tragical experiences of Hamlet—in his origin probably one of those mythical figures who typified the forces of nature in the Norse mythology. The roots of great works of art are sunk deep in the soil of human life; and a creation of the magnitude of the Hamlet of Shakespeare always rests on a broad, solid foundation of prehistoric myth or legend, or semi-historic tradition. Characters of such world-wide significance and such typical experience as Hamlet and Faust are, in a sense, the children of the race, and are born in those fertile ages when the imagination plays freely and creatively upon the external world and upon the facts of human experience. In the pages of Saxo Grammaticus, Hamlet is a veritable man, caught in a network of tragical circumstances, feigning madness to protect himself from an uncle who has killed his father, seized the throne, and married Hamlet's mother, and who seeks to entrap Hamlet by many ingenious devices. A crafty old courtier plays the eavesdropper; a young girl is put forward as part of the plot against Hamlet; he is sent to England, and secret orders to put him to death are sent with him. In the end Hamlet's feigning saves him; he kills the usurper, explains his deed in an address to the people, and is made king.

This group of incidents constitute the story of Hamlet in its earliest recorded form, which was probably the survival of earlier and mythical forms. In the fifteenth century the story was widely known throughout northern Europe, where it had the currency of a popular folk-tale. About 1570 it was told in French in Belleforest's "Histoires Tragique." That there was an English play dealing with Hamlet as early as 1589 is now generally believed. In that year Greene made an unmistakable reference to such a play; and seven years later Lodge wrote of "the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserably at the theatre, like an oyster-wife, *Hamlet revenge*." That startling cry of the ghost appears to have made a deep impression on the imagination of the time, and was heard on the stage again and again in later plays.

This earlier English version of Hamlet has disappeared, but the probabilities point to Thomas Kyd, whose "Spanish Tragedy" was one of the most popular plays of the age, as its author; there are obvious similarities between the plays. The introduction of the ghost was in keeping with the traditions of the English stage and the temper of the time. This earlier version of the tragedy was probably a very rough study, so far as action was concerned, of Shakespeare's work; some fragments of it may have been used by the dramatist in the earlier sketches of his own version; and some remnants of it are to be found, perhaps, in a German version, which is probably a copy of a translation used in that country by English actors not much later than Shakespeare's time. It is probable that both the author of the lost version and Shakespeare read the story in Belleforest's French version.

There are very perplexing questions connected with the text of "Hamlet" as it is found in different editions; the probability is that Shakespeare worked his material over more than once, revising and, in part, recasting it. There is reason to believe also that the story found a lodgment in his imagination at an early day, and that it slowly took shape, widening in its significance with his experience, and striking deeper root in the psychology of the human spirit as his insight into life deepened. This was the history of the growth of the Faust idea in Goethe's mind. The play probably appeared in 1602. In that year the edition known as the First Quarto was published, with the announcement on the title-page that the piece had been "acted divers times in the city of London, as also in the two Universities of Cambridge, Oxford, and elsewhere." Although the longest, with the single exception of "Antony and Cleopatra," of the

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BEN JONSON
From a picture in the possession of Mr. Knight.

Shakespearean plays, and farthest removed from the ordinary interests of theater-goers, "Hamlet" has not only been critically studied and widely commented upon, but has been put upon the stage of every civilized country and has awakened an unfailing popular interest. The dramatic movement is much slower than in most of the dramas; the plot unfolds very gradually; there are a number of scenes in which the interest is almost wholly psychological; but the spell of the play has been felt as keenly by the unlearned as by the cultivated, and the story has appealed as directly to the crowds before the footlights as to students and critics. There is no higher evidence of Shakespeare's genius than this presentation of a great spiritual problem in a form so concrete and with such marvelous distinctness of characterization that "Hamlet" as a great world-drama and "Hamlet" as an engrossing stage play may be seen on the same stage on the same night.

The rough sketch upon which Shakespeare worked had all the characteristics of the Elizabethan play; it was sanguinary, noisy, full of movement, action, crime; it was written for the groundlings. Upon this elemental basis, with its primary and immediate elements of human interest, Shakespeare built up a drama of the soul, which never for a moment loses touch with reality, and never for a moment loses its universal significance. In the pathetic figure of Hamlet, with his gifts of genius and personal charm, every generation has recognized the protagonist of humanity. The concentration of interest, the intensity of feeling, the hushed passion, which

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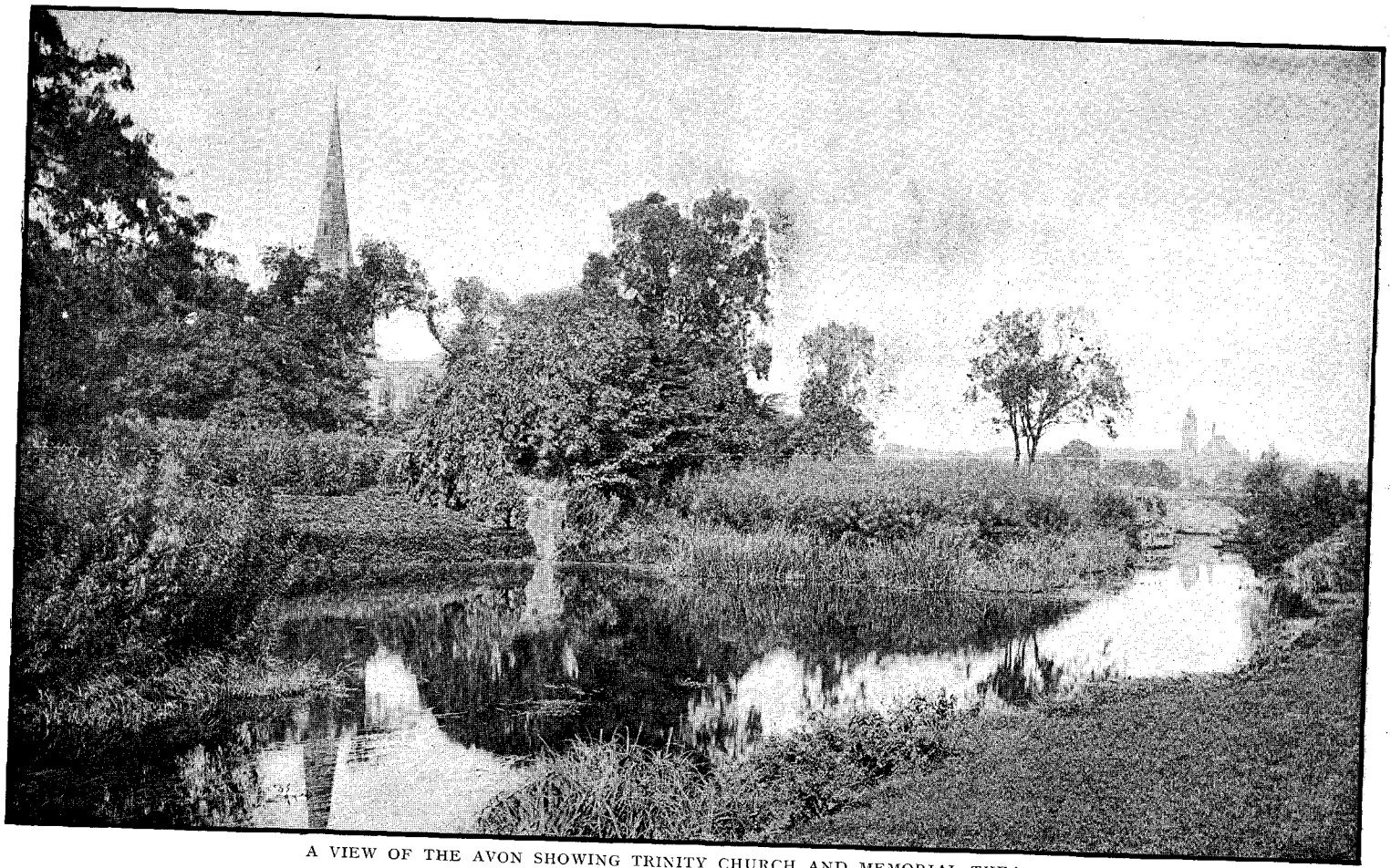

A VIEW OF THE AVON SHOWING TRINITY CHURCH AND MEMORIAL THEATER

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characterize the play, make us feel that it had some exceptionally close relation to the poet's experience, and that in an unusual degree his personality pervades it. There is nothing to connect it with the happenings of his own life and the development of his own spirit save the fact that it falls within the tragic period and that it immediately precedes two of his most somber dramas. The authenticity of an autograph of Shakespeare on a fly-leaf of a copy of Florio's Montaigne in the British Museum is doubted, but there are passages in "Hamlet" which are reminiscent of Montaigne's speculations and reflections. It was in his own nature, however, that Shakespeare found the questionings, the perplexities, the deep and almost insoluble contradictions, which are presented with such subtle suggestiveness in "Hamlet."

No play has called forth so vast a literature or has been the subject of so much criticism and interpretation. The problem presented by Hamlet is so many-sided that it will evoke the thought and ingenuity of every successive generation of students. Much has been done, however, in removing obscurities, and discussion has cleared the air of some confusing mists. That Hamlet was sane is the conviction of the great majority of the students of the play; an insane Hamlet would rob the drama of its spiritual significance and destroy its authority as a work of art. That in his long feigning Hamlet sometimes lost for the time the clear perception of the difference between reality and his own fancies is probable; but he is at all times a responsible actor in the drama of which he is the central figure. Goethe's exposition of his nature and his fate remains one of the classics of Shakespearean criticism, so clear and definite is its insight into one aspect of Hamlet's character:

> The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
> That ever I was born to set it right!

In these words, I imagine, is the key to Hamlet's whole procedure, and to me it is clear that Shakespeare sought to depict a great deed laid upon a soul unequal to the performance of it. In this view I find the piece composed throughout. Here is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers; the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces.

A beautiful, pure, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which makes the hero, sinks beneath a burden which it can neither bear nor throw off; every duty is holy to him—this too hard. The impossible is required of him—not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him. How he winds, turns, agonizes, advances, and recoils, ever reminded, ever reminding himself, and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts, without ever again recovering his peace of mind. . . .

It pleases, it flatters us greatly, to see a hero who acts of himself, who loves and hates us as his heart prompts, undertaking and executing, thrusting aside all hindrances, and accomplishing a great purpose. Historians and poets would fain persuade us that so proud a lot may fall to man. In "Hamlet" we are taught otherwise; the hero has no plan, but the piece is full of plan. . . .

Hamlet is endowed more properly with sentiment than with a character; it is events alone that push him on; and accordingly the piece has somewhat the amplification of a novel. But as it is Fate that draws the plan, as the piece proceeds from a deed of terror, and the hero is steadily driven on to a deed of terror, the work is tragic in its highest sense, and admits of no other than a tragic end.

This interpretation leaves other aspects of Hamlet unexplained. This subjective condition must be supplemented by taking into account the objective world in which Hamlet found himself. Sensitive alike in intellect and in his moral nature, he was placed in a corrupt society, in which every relation was tainted. The thought of his mother, which ought to have been a spring of sweetness and strength, was unendurable. He was surrounded by false friends and paid spies. Upon him was laid the appalling task of reasserting moral order in a loathsome household and a demoralized kingdom; and the only way open to him was by the perpetration of a deed of vengeance from which his whole nature drew back in revolt. The tragic situation was created by the conflict against the State and the family to which he was committed by the knowledge of his father's death, his uncle's crime, and his mother's lust, and the conflict within himself between the duty of revenge and the horror of blood-shedding. If to these considerations is added the fact that he was an idealist, with a deep and irresistible tendency to the meditation and subtle speculation which feel in advance all the possible results of action so keenly that the responsibility for acting becomes almost unbearable, the character of Hamlet becomes intelligible, if not entirely explicable.

The weight of evidence shows, as has been suggested, that in the "war of the theaters" which raged at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the

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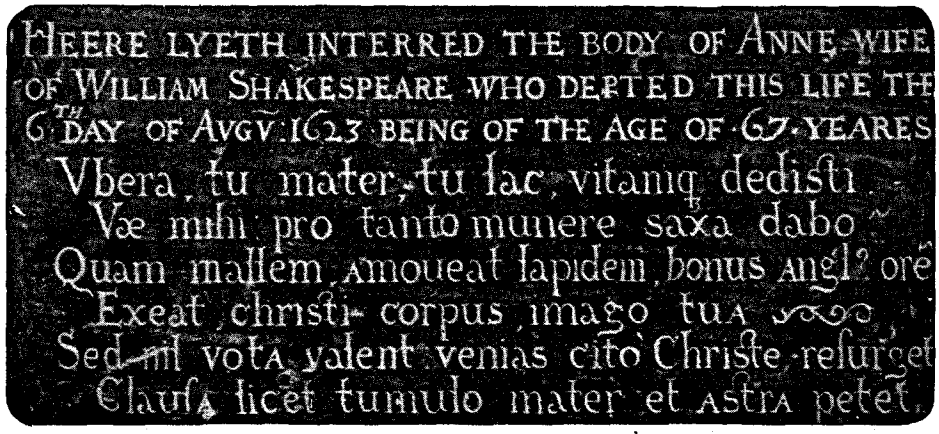
seventeenth century Shakespeare took no active part; he was by nature free from the narrowness of partisanship, and there are indications that he was on friendly terms with men of all shades of literary opinion. In "Hamlet," however, he distinctly takes sides with the adult actors against the growing prominence of boys on the stage. The relation of boy choirs, and especially that of the Chapel Royal, to the theater in Shakespeare's time was pointed out in an earlier chapter. These choirs were, in an informal way, training-schools for the stage at a time when all women's parts were taken by boys, and there was, in consequence, constant need of their services. About the time of the appearance of "Julius Cæsar" there was a sharp rivalry between adult and boy actors, the public espousing warmly the performances of the boys. The development of this rivalry cannot be traced, but in 1601 the theater-going public had become partisans of the boys and were deserting the theaters in which adults held the stage. This preference had become so pronounced that Shakespeare's company was driven into the provinces. In their travels the members of the company appeared at Cambridge, and it was probably on this visit that the new play of "Hamlet" was presented. The popularity of the boys not only jeopardized the fortunes of the regular companies, but seriously impaired the quality of the performances. When the Children of the Chapel were able to secure for their own use the new theater in Blackfriars, which Burbage had recently built, the Globe company began to feel the competition very keenly; and for a time, so marked was the popularity of the boys, their prospects and those of the art of acting were dark indeed.

Shakespeare was at work on "Hamlet" in this crisis in his own fortunes and those of the theater, and stated his position in the controversy with entire clearness. In answer to Hamlet's question why the tragedians travel when it was better both for reputation and profit that they should stay in the city, Rosencrantz replies that their retirement into the provinces has been caused by the "late innovation:"

> Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?
>
> No, indeed, are they not.
>
> How comes it [continues Hamlet]? do they grow rusty?
>
> Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of the question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.
>
> What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?
>
> 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy; there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.
>
> Is 't possible?
>
> O, there has been much throwing about of brains.
>
> Do the boys carry it away?
>
> Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.


HEERE LYETH INTERRED THE BODY OF ANNE WIFE
OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE THE
6TH DAY OF AVGV 1623 BEING OF THE AGE OF 67 YEARES
Vbera tu mater, tu lac, vitamq dedisti
Væ mihi pro tanto munere saxa dabo
Quam mallem amoueat lapidem bonus angl? orē
Exeat christi corpus imago tua
Sed mi vota valent venias cito Christe resurget
Clausa licet tumulo mater et astra petet

THE INSCRIPTION ON ANNE HATHAWAY'S GRAVE

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FRANCIS BACON, LORD VERULAM
From a print by I. Houbraken, 1738.

This conversation between Hamlet and Rosencrantz is significant of the close touch with the realities of life which Shakespeare never lost for a moment, even when dealing with the greatest themes or creating works of pure imagination.

To this period, in its final form at least, belongs the play of "All's Well that Ends Well," to which Meres, in his "Palladio Tamia," probably refers when he includes among the plays ascribed to Shakespeare "Love's Labour's Won." It was probably sketched and perhaps fully written at a much earlier date than its final revision. The plot is derived from a group of stories in Boccaccio's "Decameron" which narrate the fortunes of lovers who surmount obstacles and gain the rewards of love only after great or persistent effort; a phase of experience which is beyond doubt the keynote of the play. The story was translated by Paynter, and appeared in English in "The Palace of Pleasure" in 1566 or 1567. Shakespeare departed widely from the story in its earlier form by the greater prominence given to the part of Helena and the singular sweetness and devotion which irradiate her whole course. Coleridge thought her Shakespeare's loveliest creation. The portraiture of her character is touched throughout with exquisite delicacy and skill. Helena suffers, however, from the atmosphere of the play, which is distinctly repellent; it is difficult to resist the feeling that, conceding all that the play demands in concentration of interest upon the single end to be achieved, Helena cheapens the love she finally wins by a sacrifice greater than love could ask or could afford to receive. And when the sacrifice is made and the end secured, the victory of love is purely external; there is no inward and deathless unity of passion between the lovers like that which united Posthumus and Imogen in life and Romeo and Juliet in death.

The play must be interpreted broadly in the light of Shakespeare's entire work; in this light it finds its place as the expression of a passing mood of deep and almost cynical distrust; it is full of that searching irony which from time to time finds utterance in the poet's work and

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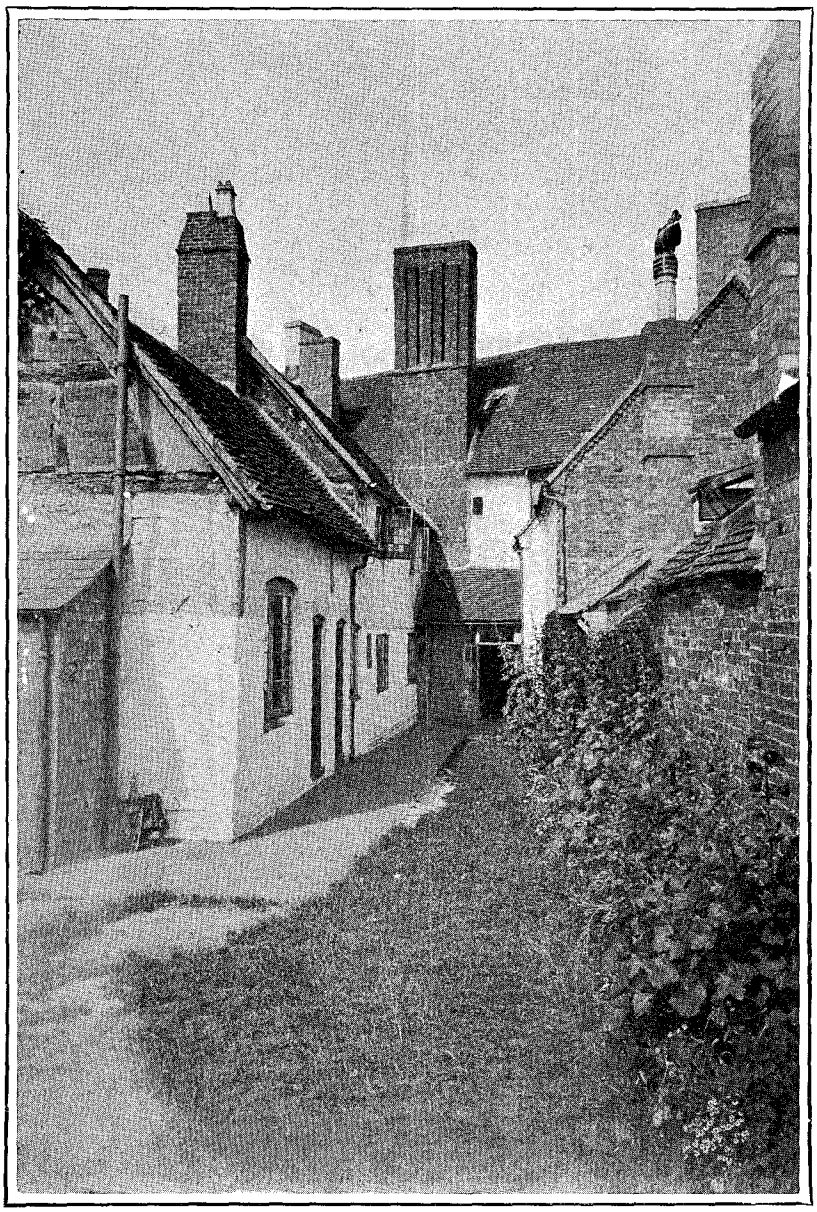
was inevitable in a mind of such range of vision. It is well to remember, also, that in this play the poet, for the sake of throwing a single quality into the highest relief, secured entire concentration of attention by disregarding or ignoring other qualities and relations of equal importance and authority. This was what Browning did in his much-misunderstood poem "The Statue and the Bust." It is always a perilous experiment, because it involves so much intelligent co-operation on the part of the reader. It is a triumph of Shakespeare's art that Helena's purity not only survives the dangers to which she exposes it, but takes on a kind of saintly whiteness in the corruption in which she plays her perilous part.



A TYPICAL GARDEN IN STRATFORD

The house immediately adjoining New Place, Shakepeare's later home

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Açvaghosha's Awakening of Faith in the Mahâyâna. Translated by Teitaro Suzuki. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 160 pages. $1.25.

Açvaghosha, who lived nearly two thousand years ago, is the philosopher of Buddhism. His principal work, here translated by a Japanese scholar, is used to-day in its Chinese version as a text-book for the instruction of Buddhist priests. The form of his thought is so alien from that of the Western mind as to require patient endeavor to get at its substance. In this Dr. Carus finds his own interpretation of Buddhism fully justified. The translator hopes that his labor will result in removing misconceptions and relieving Buddhism of unjust criticism.

Areopagitica, and Other Tracts. By John Milton. (The Temple Classics. Edited by Israel Gollancz.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 155 pages. 50c

Art of Optimism, The: As Taught by Robert Browning. By William De Witt Hyde. 5×7¼ in. 35 pages. 35c. **Some Ideals in the Education of Women.** By Caroline Hazard. 5×7¼ in. 31 pages. 35c. **The Problem of Duty.** By Charles F. Dole. 5×7¼ in. 38 pages. 35c. **Spiritual Lessons from the Brownings.** By Amory H. Bradford, D.D. 5×7¼ in. 38 pages. 35c. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

A series of small volumes of less than forty pages each which have a high educational value, and which are extremely profitable reading for all those who wish to know how to get the best and the most out of life.

As You Like It. By William Shakespeare. Illustrated by Will Low. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 130 pages. $2.50.

Mr. Low's art readily lends itself to decoration, and he has been very successful in giving books of the imaginative and idealistic temper an appropriate and taking dress. His treatment of Mr. Mabie's "The Forest of Arden" has met with a popular approval which it well deserves, because of its poetic quality. In Shakespeare's beautiful comedy "As You Like It" he had a subject which affords the fullest play for his poetic insight and artistic instinct, and he has made a very charming volume. Probably no artist can sketch the ideal Rosalind, but Mr. Low has been very successful in presenting the characters of the play; his figures are vivid, characteristic, and spirited. The text is handsomely printed with decorated borders in red, and the volume is one which any lover of Shakespeare or of good artistic book-making work will appreciate.

Bacillus of Beauty, The. By Harriet Stark. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 340 pages. $1.50.

In plot this novel may well claim freshness and originality. A young Western girl is made the subject of an experiment by an Eastern scientist, and is transformed into the most beautiful young woman in the world!

Bennett Twins, The. By Grace Marguerite Hurd. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 313 pages. $1.50.

A vivacious, wholesome story of the adventures of two young people—a brother and sister—who are bent on becoming artists, and who are permitted, very much against the will of their guardians, to make the experiment of coming to New York and setting up for themselves. Arriving in the city, they begin bohemian housekeeping in a studio building which is crowded from morning until night with a group of rollicking art students, and in which life rises at times to a feverish height. The description of life in the studio of a teacher of painting is evidently done from first-hand knowledge. The book has no marked literary skill, but it is fresh, breezy, and full of spirit.

Black Gown, The. By Ruth Hall. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¾×7¾ in. 318 pages. $1.50.

A story of Dutch life in Albany about the time of the outbreak of the French and Indian wars. The author knows a great deal about the peculiar social customs of the American Dutch of that time, and in this respect the story is decidedly interesting. But both in construction and in style there is something lacking which prevents this book from being a thoroughly satisfactory story; a certain abruptness and roughness in the narration become monotonous. The general impression left is that the material is excellent, and that the author is capable of doing better work than is here offered.

Bob Knight's Diary at Poplar Hill School, with Sketches by Bob. By Charlotte Curtis Smith. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8½×5½ in. 242 pages. $1.50.

Brethren of the Coast: A Tale of the West Indies. By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 303 pages. $1.25.

Certainly an exciting if not always an entirely credible story of West Indian piracy and crime, from which the boy hero of course emerges triumphant and prosperous.

Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Edited by Willard C. Gore. The Macmillan Co., New York. (Pocket English Series.) 4×5¾ in. 186 pages. 25c.

Dictionary of the Bible, A. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D. With the Assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., and Others. (In Four Vols.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Vol. III. 7×10½ in. 896 pages. $6 per volume.

Last week the third volume appeared of that new and monumental work, "A Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Drs. Hastings and Selbie.

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Despite some dry and unclear if not uncertain statements, we think that the clergyman who has no Bible Dictionary can probably find none which, on the whole, will be as good as this.

Dr. Dumany's Wife. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by F. Steinitz. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.25.

The latest translated novel from the great Hungarian romancer is hardly equal in point of dramatic unity or clear characterization to his "Poor Plutocrats," but, like all his many novels—and who has ever published so many?—"Dr. Dumany's Wife" could not be other than picturesque. Of course it deals with a remarkably labyrinthine plot; this particular one is that of a marriage under a misapprehension not dispelled until years afterwards. The lively opening scene of a railway wreck, due to a landslide in Switzerland, and the description of stock speculation during the Franco-German War of 1870–71, are perhaps the most notable scenes and themes in the book.

Evangelization of the World in This Generation, The. By John R. Mott. The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, New York. 4½×7¼ in. 245 pages.

The title of this book is the watchword of "The Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions," one of the most significant phenomena in the Church history of this century. Originating in 1886, it has already sent forth two thousand well-educated missionaries, and a larger number are still preparing. By "evangelization" is not meant the conversion of the world, but the adequate presentation of Christ's Gospel to the world. This does not discard educational, medical, and literary work as auxiliary, but it emphasizes the work of the evangelist. Nor does it regard his work as other than preliminary to the development of the spirit of Christian service among the evangelized, until the life and laws of the nations shall be thoroughly Christianized. Thus interpreting his "watchword," Mr. Mott presents the idea in various points of view, to show that it can be realized, and ought to be. A bibliography of important missionary publications is appended.

Five Books of Song. By Richard Watson Gilder. (Fourth Edition.) The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 240 pages. $1.50.

This is a new edition, revised, of the single volume into which Mr. Gilder has put the five small books in which his poetry has appeared from time to time. In several cases he has made additions to the text. The book is well made from every point of view.

Foundations of French. By Fred Davis Aldrich, A.B., and Irving Lysander Foster, A.M. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 177 pages. 95c.

Foundations of Knowledge. By Alexander Thomas Ormond. (In Three Parts.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 528 pages. $3.

France. By John Edward Courtenay Bodley. Two Vols. in One. (New Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 504 pages. $2.50.

It is within the mark to say that this work is the most important and most philosophic published in our time dealing with modern French political conditions. The present edition puts in one convenient volume the two volumes previously published separately.

Frederic Lord Leighton, P.R.A.: His Life and Work. By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 144 pages. $3.

This is the third edition of Mr. Rhys's capital biography of Lord Leighton, and is published in a smaller form.

Golden Legend; or, Lives of the Saints. As Englished by William Caxton. The Macmillan Co., New York. (The Temple Classics. Edited by F. S. Ellis.) Vols. III. and IV. 4×6 in. 274 and 306 pages. 70c. each.

Gulliver's Travels. By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. (The Temple Classics: For Young People.) 4×6 in. 363 pages. 50c.

Half a Dozen Thinking Caps. By Mary F. Leonard. **The Play Lady.** By Ella F. Pratt. **Playground Toni.** By Anna C. Ray. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5½×7¾ in. 50c. each.

A group of three attractively printed stories for younger, if not the youngest, children. "Half a Dozen Thinking Caps" may be taken as representing the three, and is very well told, with a sympathetic insight into child life, a dash of mischief to save it from monotony, and a good deal of good sense in dealing with the high spirits of children.

Hidden Values. By Joseph the Writer. Stettiner Bros., New York. 5×7 in. 148 pages.

History of the Devil. By Dr. Paul Carus. Illustrated. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 7×11 in. 496 pages. $6.

History of the First Presbyterian Church of Bellefontaine, Ohio, and Addresses delivered at the Celebration of the Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the Pastorate of the Rev. George L. Kalb, D.D. The Index Printing and Publishing Co., Bellefontaine, O. 5×7½ in. 278 pages.

Image Breakers, The. By Gertrude Dix. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 392 pages. $1.50.

This remarkably realistic novel is a romance of modern communistic ideas and life. Intimate first-hand knowledge, presumably through actual experience, is evident on every page.

Indian Club Swinging. By Frank E. Miller. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 182 pages. $1.

In the Desert. By George Ebers. Translated by Mary F. Safford. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 329 pages. $1.50.

The last of the novels of George Ebers to be translated is a short sermon on that particular and insidious form of selfishness masking under the impulse "to live out your own nature." Neither plot nor characters nor style seem to us so admirable as in the author's earlier romances.

In the Irish Brigade. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 384 pages. $1.50.

Two other of Mr. Henty's books are mentioned elsewhere. This deals with the famous war in Flanders and in Spain, and has the usual English lad placed in extraordinary situations and exercising considerable influence on the events of the war. To American boy readers we suspect that Mr. Henty's style seems rather heavy; but his methods are always clean and not unduly sensational. The popularity of his books is unquestionable.

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Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Edited by Alfred M. Hitchcock, M.A. (Pocket English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 480 pages. 25c.

Jack of all Trades, The. By D. C. Beard. Illustrated, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 295 pages. $2.

Mr. Beard is a good deal of a boy himself, as all who know him realize. He has the boy's enthusiasm, the boy's love of outdoor sports, and the boy's desire to make some new thing. He is also an artist, and has a lively sense of fun. This book is a capital one to give any boy for a present at Christmas, on a birthday, or, indeed, at any time. It tells how to make tree-top club-houses, boys' house-boats, switch-backs, home-made circuses, panoramas, and dozens of other things. The directions are clear, and the figures and pictures add to the clearness.

Judgment in Literature. By W. Basil Worsfold. (The Temple Primers.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 3¾×6 in. 98 pages. 40c.

The basis of this valuable volume seems to be formed by Victor Cousin's Lectures, "Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bon," published half a century ago (and still untranslated), and Lessing's "Laokoön," published a century and a half ago, together with a background of Plato and Aristotle. It is not only a primer, as should be every book in this Temple Primer Series; it is really a *vade mecum* to those who would rightly appreciate and interpret the value of works of literature. After instructing his readers as to the rank of poetry as an art, compared with other arts, Mr. Worsfold discusses ancient, modern, and contemporary criticism. To non-Aristotelian scholars a peculiarly helpful distinction is Mr. Worsfold's, founded upon the grand old Greek's, of mere works of literature from works of creative literature, the latter always distinguished by the predominant aspects of truth, symmetry, and idealization.

Kelea: The Surf Rider. By Alex. Stevenson Twombly. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York. 5×7¾ in. 402 pages. $1.50.

Dr. Twombly's long visit in Hawaii, his great interest in the country, and his fresh and keen feeling for the characteristic aspect of its old life, have borne fruit in this romance, which, in the form of imaginative fiction, brings before the imagination the customs, modes of thought and of expression, the temperament and the semi-tropical charm, of the existence once led by the natives in Hawaii. Dr. Twombly has keen appreciation of the beauty of nature in all its forms. "Kelea" is not only illustrated by a number of well-chosen and well-printed reproductions of photographs, but it has behind it a background of natural scenery which is skillfully suggested when it is not minutely described. Dr. Twombly is not by nature a writer of fiction; he does not pretend to be; but he has succeeded in making an interesting tale illustrative of Hawaiian life.

Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848–1888. Collected and Arranged by George W. E. Russell. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 442 pages. $2.25.

This is a thoroughly satisfying one-volume edition of a book which has permanent importance in English literary values, and which was long since reviewed at length by The Outlook.

Lectures on the English Comic Writers. By William Hazlitt. (The Temple Classics. Edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 304 pages. 50c.

Life of Christ as Represented in Art. By Frederick W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 507 pages. $3.50.

A reprint of the edition of 1894.

Life of Lives, The. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 444 pages. $2.50.

This valuable work may be regarded as supplementary to Dean Farrar's widely popular "Life of Christ." To quote his own statement: "It deals with questions of high importance which the Gospels suggest, and aims at deepening the faith and brightening the hope in Christ of all who read it honestly." Its forty-three chapters present a large variety of topics, among them the unique supremacy of Jesus, the form and substance of his teaching, his miracles, the Atonement, the Resurrection. As to this last, we deem it a gratuitous surrender of the impregnable grounds of faith to say that an isolated historical event long remote—the resurrection of Jesus—is "the only pledge of man's immortality." Equally inept is it to class Channing and Martineau as "skeptics." Dean Farrar shows a peculiar blend of traditionalism and liberalism, the broad and the narrow, but with a forward rather than backward look. The volume is characterized by those fruits of a varied and generous culture which have so long attracted many readers.

Little Bible, The. By J. W. Mackail. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 288 pages. $1.

This latest addition to volumes of Bible stories for children contains two hundred short—some very short—chapters. They are drawn from the Old Testament and its Apocrypha, with occasional supplements from other sources. The language is modern and simplified for juvenile readers with good literary judgment. There is no attempt at moralizing; the stories are simply told, and left to make their own impression.

Little Girl in Old Washington, A. By Amanda M. Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 319 pages. $1.50.

The many young people—and not a few old folks—who have enjoyed the experiences and impressions of "A Little Girl in Old Boston" and in "Old New York" and in "Old Philadelphia" will be greatly entertained by her observations in "Old Washington." The romance describes the Washington of Madison's day.

Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings. Edited by Mrs. Margaret J. Frick. The Macmillan Co., New York. (Pocket English Classics.) 4×5¾ in. 224 pages. 25c.

Meditations of the Heart. Collected, Adapted, and Composed by Annie Josephine Levi. Introduction by the Rev. Dr. Gustav Gottheil. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×4½ in. 166 pages. $1.25.

This little volume, primarily designed, as Miss Levi tells us, for her own race, is a collection

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of religious meditations drawn from many sources, both Jewish and Christian, but almost exclusively from men and women of the liberal or radical temper. It is interesting to find within so small a compass so varied an expression of religious feeling, of dependence on divine help, of aspiration and longing. This most recent collection of religious meditation drawn largely from radical sources shows how perennial are the springs from which the religious nature is fed.

Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott. By J. G. Lockhart. (In Five Vols.) The Macmillan Co., New York. Vols. I. and II. 5½×9 in. $1.50 each.

The addition of this admirable biography to the Library of English Classics brings within the compass of people of moderate means, who love the best things, one of the most entertaining biographies in the English language. It will be put in five substantial volumes, which, although somewhat large, are not heavy, and are printed from clear type.

Memoirs of the Countess Potocka. Translation by Lionel Strachey. Edited by Casimir Stryienski. Illustrated. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 5¾×6 in. 253 pages. $3.50.

Here is a work more valuable for what it says of other people than for what it reveals concerning its subject-character, clever and charming woman of the world as she is. The book is a not inconsiderable contribution to the rather alarmingly large number of works concerning Napoleon and his court. The portraits of Napoleon and of Talleyrand seem almost as lifelike as those drawn by Balzac in "Une Ténébreuse Affaire" and in his other novels of political life. Like all good Poles, the Countess Potocka writes vivaciously, picturesquely, incisively, and her book is abundantly well worth reading. We are surprised to discover that such a work should lack an index; the book's value, however, is greatly enhanced by the large number of well-executed portraits, views, and facsimiles.

Mountain Maid, The, and Other Poems of New Hampshire. By Edna Dean Proctor. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 60 pages. $1.

This book is a pleasant souvenir, so far as New Hampshire sons and daughters are concerned, of that praiseworthy custom inaugurated by Governor Rollins. The poems are, therefore, appropriately dedicated to him. In many a spontaneous yet deftly constructed rhyme, the talented author sings to us of Portsmouth and Kearsarge, of the Merrimack and the Contoocook, of Monadnock and Moosilauk.

Novels and Stories of Frank R. Stockton. Volume XIII. The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine; The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander. Volume XVIII. Stories IV. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 339 and 302 pages.

Nubia of Saracenesco. By Richard Voss. Translated from the German by Hettie E. Miller. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 4½×6¾ in. 152 pages.

Oliver Cromwell. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 260 pages. $2.

This volume has the literary characteristics of its origin as a series of magazine articles. It is popular rather than scientific, deals with its subject in broad lines rather than with nice discriminations, is valuable to the general reader rather than to the historical student. The general picture of the conditions in England when Cromwell came to the front, as given in the first chapter, is admirable. The descriptions of the battles are exceedingly clear and historically dramatic without being ghastly. The writer's sympathies are wholly with Cromwell; and he seems to us more ready to find excuses in the character and conditions of the times for Cromwell's violation of the essential principles of liberty than for the vacillating and unrighteous kingcraft of Charles I. If the one is to be measured by the ethical standards of the time, the other should be also. The book is excellent in type and paper, and is accompanied by valuable portraits.

Outdoor Handy Book, The. By D. C. Beard. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7¾ in. 496 pages. $2.

This is a new edition of Mr. Beard's well-known "American Boys' Book of Sports," published with revision under a new name. The qualities peculiar to Mr. Beard are mentioned in our note about his "The Jack of all Trades" in another column. In the present work he has a larger field. There is no better compendium of sports and games for boys than this.

Out with Garibaldi. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 346 pages. $1.50.

Those who have enjoyed and profited by the soberer and "grown up" histories of Orsi and Bolton King and the Countess Cesaresco have undoubtedly wished that a story for children might be written about the liberation of Italy, or at least the most picturesque events in connection with that liberation. It seems to us that of those events the one fullest of dramatic episode is the invasion of the two Sicilies by Garibaldi. His forces numbered about one thousand irregulars, who were to meet about a hundred and twenty thousand well-armed soldiers, yet a victory was won even greater than that of Cortez in Mexico, since the Garibaldians were both ill armed and without artillery.

Pietro Vannucci, called Perugino. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture. Edited by G. C. Williamson.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 160 pages. $1.75.

This is an addition to a series of volumes on the Old Masters which have been well received. In proportion and perspective the work, like those which have preceded it, is worthy of praise. There are many half-tone reproductions of Perugino's paintings, and a full catalogue of his works.

Quisanté. By Anthony Hope. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 376 pages. $1.50.

Anthony Hope has abundantly demonstrated his skill as a story-teller, both in the invention of situations and in clear-cut and rather brilliant sketching of character. In this novel he enters an entirely new field. "Quisanté" is a novel of English political life, and contains a character-study of unusual insight and skill.

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In Alexander Quisanté a problem is presented requiring the closest insight into a complex personality, and the greatest skill in presenting that personality so as to make its weakness clear without exposing it to contempt. Anthony Hope makes his readers feel the power of Quisanté at the same time that he makes them recognize, as clearly as did the wife, the vein of meanness which runs through the man's nature. The novel is in many respects a painful one, but it shows genuine skill, not only in construction, but in characterization.

Religion of Democracy, The. By Charles Ferguson. D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. 5×7½ in. 160 pages.

One cannot read this book for three minutes without finding that the writer has something to say that is worth hearing, and knows how to say it with point. It is a book, however, which requires the reader, if he would comprehend the writer, to sympathize with his ethical passion, his enthusiasm for humanity. As a vision of what might be and ought to be it is inspiring; but it is quite in the air, and we are left to ponder and wonder how to get on and up to it. We are not in such utter despair of all existing churches as Mr. Ferguson; we see signs that some are moving toward his ideals. His epigrammatic style abounds in quotable sentences, *e.g.*, "Holy Scripture, when the devil reads it, is devilish." His thought sparkles and effervesces throughout. As to the central truth of it there can be no doubt that only in a religious democracy can the ideals of Christianity be realized.

Sam Houston. By Sarah Barnwell Elliott. (The Beacon Biographies. Edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 3¾×5¾ in. 149 pages. 75c.

The battle for territorial expansion, now being fought as vigorously in 1900 as in 1803, 1819, and 1845, recalls such expansionists as Jefferson, Jackson, and, even more picturesque than either, Sam Houston. The last-named realized the dream for which La Salle had been murdered, Sevier suspected, and Burr ruined. As Miss Elliott says in her interesting biography, Houston was willing to fight the devil with fire; he was a man who worked warily with whatever material came to hand; he understood perfectly the people whom he would lead, and he led them successfully until they, in their rasher judgment, demanded to be led into secession. The author's touch in the description of all this is almost staccato-like; and it may be added that Houston's adventurous thirty years in Texas lend themselves better to the particularly compact treatment necessarily characteristic of all the little volumes of the Beacon Series, than do the lives of men of less spirited and stirring action.

Source-Book of English History. By Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 609 pages. $2.

This is similar to Professor Hart's "Source-Book of American History," published two years ago, but is much larger. Such a book is of great value in its collection of the original material, both documentary and illustrative, which forms the historian's groundwork. This value, which any reader will appreciate, is enhanced for the student by copious bibliographies in aid of research. The period covered extends from the earliest historical notice of Britain to the treaty made with the Boers in 1881. Sections of special interest to American readers are the hundred years' struggle against the Stuart kings for constitutional government, and the rise of Protestantism with its subsequent reaction in the century preceding. In including the great documents which form the framework of national development—Magna Charta, for instance, and the Bill of Rights—Dr. Lee departs from the method of Professor Hart. Such a book is an important acquisition for the book-buyer whose rule is "not many but much."

Stonewall Jackson. By Carl Hovey. (The Beacon Biographies. Edited by M. A. De Wolfe Howe.) Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 3¾×5¾ in. 131 pages. 75c.

Stonewall Jackson was one of the heroes of the Civil War from every point of view—a man cast in the heroic mold, framed by nature for great deeds, and with a force of character entirely adequate to his remarkable military instinct, intelligence, and his passionate devotion to his cause. There was no more conscientious and deeply religious leader on either side of the great war. As a man of action his life will bear the condensation involved in this very brief biography without great loss. The story is well told; it is clear, graphic, and sympathetic. It ought to be widely read, especially by Northern readers.

Through the First Antarctic Night, 1898-1899. By Frederick A. Cook, M.D. Illustrated. Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 6×9¼ in. 478 pages. $5.

This volume is of such importance in the history of exploration that we hope to treat it at some length at a later date. Dr. Cook accompanied the Belgian Antarctic expedition of 1898–1899, headed by Gerlache, occupying the positions of surgeon, anthropologist, and photographer. His book gives a complete and a distinctly readable account of the voyage of the Belgica, and of the attempt of this expedition to reach the extreme South. The vessel drifted hundreds of miles held fast in the ice, explored five hundred miles of coast heretofore unknown, and made some curious observations on the Fuegians and on several species of little-known animals. The scientific work accomplished by the expedition, particularly in the line of geography and cartography, was much greater than that contributed by most polar expeditions. The book is profusely illustrated by Dr. Cook's own photographs, the subjects of which were particularly well chosen, while the reproduction is entirely satisfactory; there are also a few colored prints, for which we do not greatly care.

Tolstoi: A Man of Peace, by Alice B. Stockham, M.D.; and **Tolstoi: The New Spirit,** by H. Havelock Ellis. Illustrated. The Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7 in. 140 pages. $1.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated. (New Edition.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 388 pages. $1.25.

A new edition of the best pirate story ever written; perhaps with the exception of Cooper's "Red Rover" and Scott's "Pirate," the

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only pirate story which has obtained entrance into the ranks of literature, strictly defined. This edition is illustrated with excellent wood engravings, and is evidently intended for boys and for the holidays.

Word Studies in the New Testament. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. Vol. IV. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 9×5½ in. 624 pages. $4.

These brief exegetical notes on the Greek text have the merit of clearness and pertinency, and are of value to all readers of the Greek Testament. They are accompanied by lists of commentaries and critical literature, together with a scholarly introduction to each book included in the volume. Professor Vincent agrees with those who attribute the Pastoral Epistles (Timothy and Titus) to an unknown second-century writer, who had some Pauline material at hand as a nucleus. In an extended note on 2 Thessalonians i., 9, he interprets the phrase "eternal [literally, *æonian*] destruction" in agreement with the rapidly spreading opinion that the notion of endless punishment is foreign to the original expression.

With Buller in Natal. By G. A. Henty. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 370 pages. $1.50.

The industrious Mr. Henty finds a capital subject for his pen in the Boer war. Naturally and properly, this story is intensely British, and its heroes are Johannesburg boys of English birth. The story is well told; and no doubt the boy readers will look forward with interest to Mr. Henty's further stories of the Boer war promised for next year.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any books named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Can you suggest any books from which one might gather material for a study of the nineteenth century in religion and ethics? 2. Will you also tell me if you know any simple, popular exposition of the theory of evolution suited to the needs of an unscientific audience? Of course I know the writings of Fiske and Drummond, but I hoped there was something more elementary and presupposing less scientific knowledge on the part of the reader, and I fail to find it. Has no author of text-books undertaken this work? L. L. H.

1. See Tulloch's "Movements of Religious Thought in Britain in the Nineteenth Century" (Scribners), Bacon's "History of American Christianity" (Scribners), Leonard's "Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century" (F. M. Barton, Cleveland), Dennis's "Christian Missions and Social Progress" (Revell), Scudder's "Social Ideals in English Letters" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Bliss's "Encyclopædia of Social Reform" (Funk & Wagnalls), Sidgwick's "History of Ethics"—a technical account (Macmillan). 2. You can hardly have anything more elementary except by diluting the subject yourself. See Morris's "Man and his Ancestor" (Macmillan).

Will you be good enough to mention some of the best sermons or volumes of sermons on practical, every-day subjects—subjects that concern the people, and in which the people are interested—that have been recently published? W. M.

Among the best recent volumes that occur to us are one by the Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, now of Chicago (the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), and one by Dr. Greer, of New York (T. Whittaker, New York).

Why are Universalists not accepted as active members of the Young Men's Christian Association? H. K. C.

We know of no sound reason for such exclusion. It dates from a period of bitter antagonism, and survives through the influence of traditional prejudice. The decay of the dogma of endless punishment apparent in orthodox churches ought to relieve Universalists of the prejudice which once attached to them for denying it.

In your issue of June 30 last, in the article "The Edwards Commemoration," you speak of Edwards's experience of Christ's presence one day when he was in the woods, and of Henry Ward Beecher's having had a similar one. Will you kindly inform me where the accounts may be had of these two experiences, and greatly oblige F. V. T.

Edwards's experience will be found in Dr. Allen's volume "Jonathan Edwards" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). Mr. Beecher's will be found in either of the two lives of Henry Ward Beecher, that by S. B. Halliday and Lyman Abbott, or that by Mrs. Beecher and her son.

Kindly name the best commentary on each of the following books for a young and educated minister who wants what is abreast of the best thought and scholarship, yet not severely critical, but with something of the glow of George Adam Smith's "Isaiah"—Psalms, John, Ephesians. C.

It is hard to find the above requirements combined, but perhaps the following will come near it: Barton's "The Psalms and their Story," Sears's "Fourth Gospel, the Heart of Christ," Dale's "Lectures on Ephesians."

1. Kindly tell me whether there are any States of the Union in which an oath is invalid unless administered over the Bible. 2. Where can I find collected into one volume the various mythological stories of the creation of the world? J. G.

1. None that we are aware of. A witness may be sworn in any way that is binding on his conscience. 2. Referred to our readers.

Kindly give me a list of the best books on the kindergarten in Sunday-school work. E. W. T.

Get "The Kindergarten Sunday-School" (Pilgrim Press, Boston) and "The Blackboard in Sunday-School" (W. A. Wilde Company, Boston). 75 cents each.

In what one of Shakespeare's plays may be found the following quotation:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it will follow, as the night the morn,
Thou canst not be false to any man."

A READER.

Polonius, in "Hamlet" (Act I., Scene 3), says:

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

Can any one tell me where the following lines can be found?

"Fair science sheds her lucid ray
O'er lands that long in darkness lay.
She visits fair Columbia,
And sets her sons among the stars."

This was written after the discoveries of Franklin regarding electricity. C. W. G.

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Correspondence

What is Imperialism?

[For answer to this and the following letter see editorial entitled "The Basis of Government."]

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you permit a mystified reader of your editorials dealing with the political situation to ask for your definition of the word "imperialism"? Evidently you mean by it something very different from what is meant by intelligent anti-imperialists. One is constrained to believe that you and many others, who advocate what we understand is an imperial policy, mean, when you say "imperialism," simply cruelty, injustice, and a denial of any right to local self-government. A writer recently descanted on the merits of the fine roads which our Government is planning for Luzon, and exclaimed, in triumphant sarcasm, "And this is imperialism!" He evidently had forgotten that the best roads ever built had been built by imperial Rome, and that imperialism or republicanism has nothing *per se* to do with good roads, good schools, or even with a certain degree of local self-government. The Empress of India permits certain local self-government in India, and does many beneficent things for her subjects. The one thing that her imperial government does not do, does not promise to do, and never intends to do, is either to grant independence to India or equality of political rights with English subjects, as she does in her English colonies.

In your editorial on "A Policy of Emancipation," in your issue of September 22, you quote the list of civil rights which President McKinley has given the Filipinos—such a list as the imperial Kaiser or any civilized monarch might have easily given in a similar case—and then, with strange inconsequence, you say: "He who accuses the Administration of imperialism should be prepared to show either that the acts of the Government have been inconsistent with these directions, or that the directions are inconsistent with imperialism."

Has not England granted all these civil rights to India? But do you deny that her government there is imperial? It is astounding to the anti-imperialist to hear these common personal and civil rights adduced as if they had anything to do with disproving imperialism. The question of imperialism is not a question of beneficent administration or assimilation. Imperial Russia has beneficently assimilated Tartars and granted self-government to the *mirs*. Imperialism is not a question of granting civil rights. It is a question of political rights, of political status. The anti-imperialist holds that any nation, whether it be cruel or kind, whether it be monarchy or republic, which buys or takes by conquest another people, and dominates them without any promise of granting them independence, or, as we did with Louisiana, explicitly guaranteeing future Statehood, has adopted an imperialist policy. This is what we are talking about when we talk of imperialism. Is it not time at this late day that advocates and opponents of the Administration's policy should understand once for all what they are talking about, and not work at cross purposes?

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Boston, Mass.

The Power of the Keys

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Will you be kind enough to reconcile the inclosed extract from one of Lyman Abbott's published sermons with the present attitude of The Outlook upon the Filipino issue?

There are not wanting Americans who would take the keys from the people and give them to the Anglo-Saxons. Ask the Chinaman, the Indian, and the Negro how this violation of the divine law works. Mankind is not fit for self-government. That is true. But mankind are better fitted to govern themselves than any portion of mankind, however selected, are fitted to govern any other portion of mankind. Democracy rests on the fundamental truth that man as man—not royal man, nor aristocratic man, nor priestly man, nor Anglo-Saxon man, but man as man—was made in the image of God, and to man as man are given the keys of political, as of natural, dominion. Whenever, wherever, and howsoever this divine order is violated, the result is always disastrous. . . ."

Taken from a sermon on "The Power

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of the Keys" in "Signs of Promise." Preached January 29, 1888.

JOHN I. YELLOTT.

A Criticism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have at hand the current issue of The Outlook. A perusal of the pages devoted to a résumé of current topics of the week and to correspondence prompts me to express a thought that has urged itself upon me after reading each of the last dozen issues of your paper. The Outlook has no moral right to champion the cause of any political party. It stands as an exponent of the higher Christian intelligence of this country, and is supported by readers who wish (and think they are getting) a paper more carefully prepared in its synopsis of events and topical issues than obtainable within other covers. It is read by thousands who rely upon it for their knowledge of the status of National and international affairs. It is prostitution of position to make such a paper the servant of political motives. The Outlook is undeniably a Republican newspaper. I do not intend nor care, for it is not the purpose of this letter, to discuss political situations; it is always foolish to argue with editors in their own columns. I merely suggest a fact whose truth cannot be gainsaid. Whether The Outlook is Republican or Democrat in its editorial policy is immaterial to the point raised. It cannot be justly either.

Your paper obtains the confidence of readers who are looking for facts. Many of them are unable, through lack of broad reading, to discriminate between facts and opinions. When you hand out to them as facts your own opinions, you are degrading not only The Outlook but the entire field of newspaper publishing.

E. RALPH ESTEP.

Editorial Department the Cycle Age Co., Chicago.

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Outlook, which I have hitherto read with much pleasure and profit, and which has enjoyed the great prestige of impartially presenting current events, has made a grave error and greatly impaired its good name and usefulness by its strong partisan leanings in the present Presidential campaign. This departure is to be much regretted by all who wish The Outlook well. GUSTAVUS MYERS.

New York City.

[The Outlook undertakes first to give accurate, trustworthy, and unprejudiced accounts of current events. For this purpose it spares neither pains nor expense. It gave two accounts of each of the great political Conventions, one by a Republican, the other by a Democrat. It sent an anti-imperialist to the Anti-Imperialist Convention in Indianapolis to give an editorial report of the proceedings in its columns. Its report of Mr. Bryan's letter of acceptance was written by a man who desires Mr. Bryan's election. These facts illustrate the spirit with which it endeavors to report current events. But it is more than a reporter. It is a public teacher. It would not be worthy of its position as a public teacher if it did not state its belief as to the trend and meaning of current events. It is the opinion of The Outlook that Mr. Bryan's election will bring disaster and distress to the great majority of the people in this country, and will prevent the development of justice and liberty in the Philippines. Believing this, it ought to say so, and give the reasons for its belief; and this it will continue to do until after the election. But it does not merely do this; it takes the utmost pains to secure strong expression of the reverse opinion from those who hold the reverse opinion, which it publishes from week to week. An illustration is afforded by the letter of Mr. Edwin D. Mead, published in The Outlook for September 15. We have abundant evidence that most of our readers understand and appreciate the spirit and purpose of The Outlook in these respects, and we are sorry to get occasionally such letters as these from Mr. Estep and Mr. Myers, which indicate that there are some readers who do not understand it.—THE EDITORS.]

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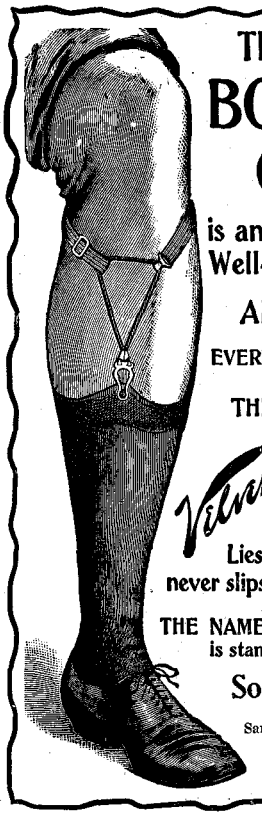

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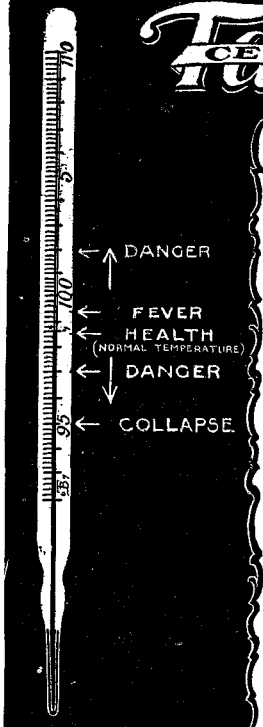

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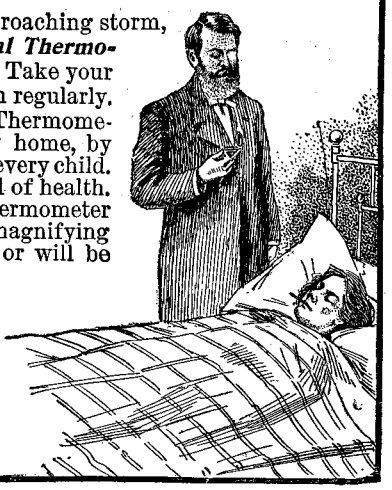

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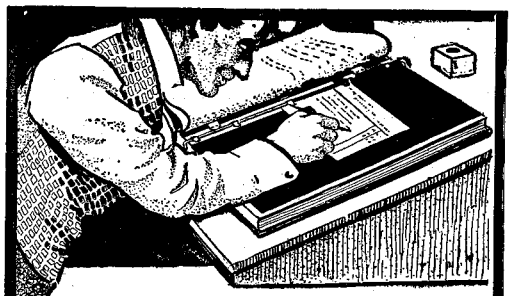

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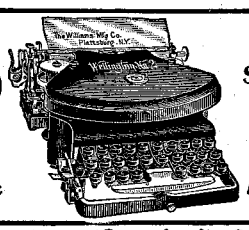

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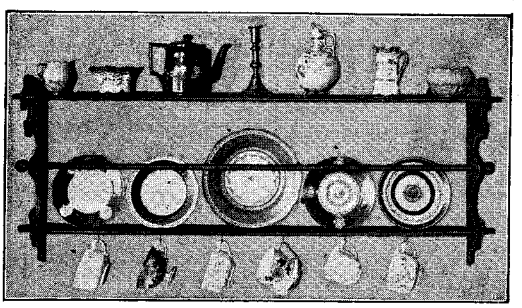

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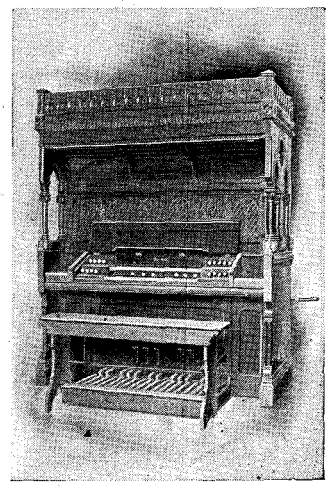

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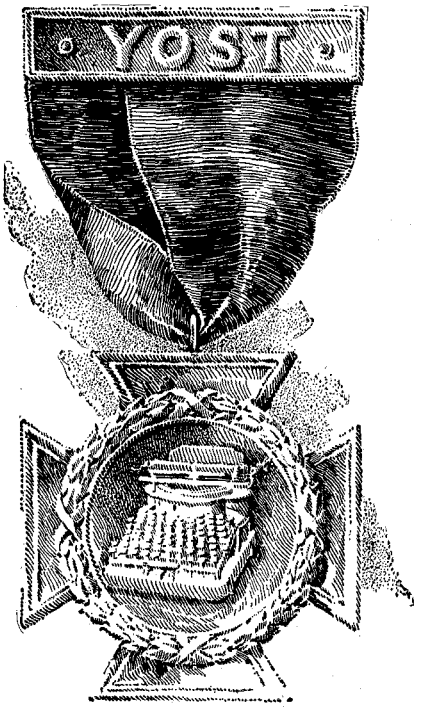

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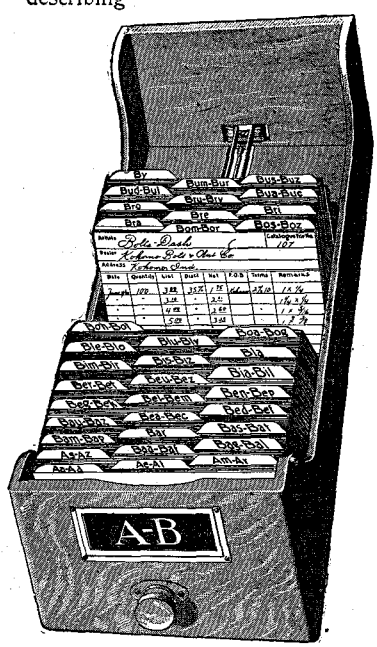

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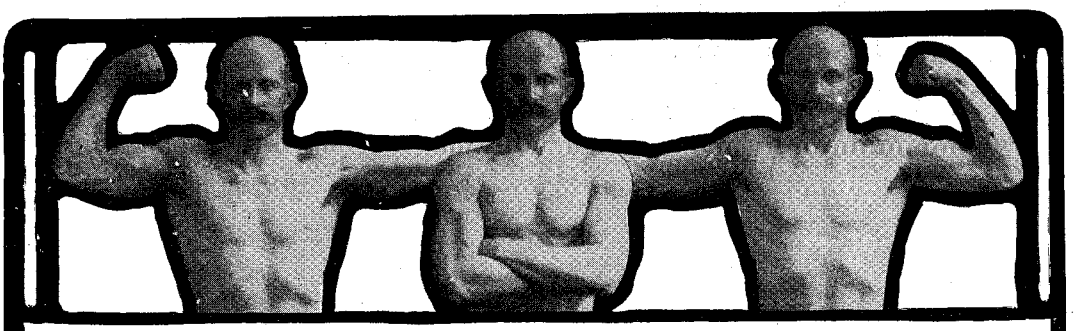

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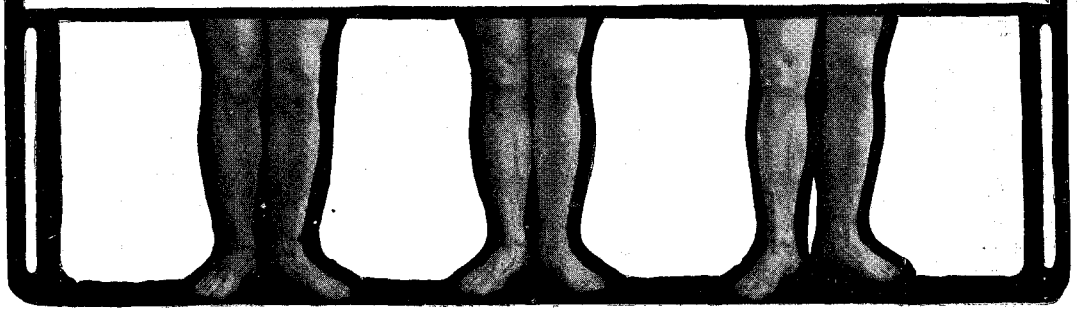

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